

GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. I.

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CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; Last Tributes of Affection; Evangelical Zeal too Unanimous; Another Georgia Wonder, etc.

SECOND PAGE.—A Foreigner's View of San Francisco; Rescue the Children; The Wheat Crop; The Judicial Family; Liverpool's Ambulance Service, etc.

THIRD PAGE.—Evolution; Mental Healing; Renouncing Calvinism; Declaring His Independence; Little Mac's Love; Death of a Heroic Girl; Spirit Power, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials): To Friends of the GOLDEN GATE; The Lesson of an Ill-Spent Life; Not Accepted; Too Soon; Mind Power; Does it Pay; Always the Same; Muttering Thunder; Wit and Melancholy; A Stupendous Sarcasm; Editorial Notes; A Public Target, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—News and Other Items; A Seance with Mr. Englin—“Matter Through Matter”; Spiritual Lecture; Spirit Prediction Verified; The Magic Shawl; Notices of Meetings, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Capt. Jones' Ghost; Prof. Hartman vs. Spiritualism; Thanksgiving Day; What a Baby Can Do; Woman's Place; The True Puzzle; The Danger of Contagion; Throat Troubles; Advertisements, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Odds and Ends; Starving a Cold; Professional Cards; Publications, etc.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Thanksgiving Hymn; The Loom of Life; Not As I Will; The Stanford Mortuary Chapel; Apes Fishing for Crabs, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A man's best things are nearest him.
Lie close about his feet.
—Richard Monckton Milnes.

The human heart refuses to believe in a universe without a purpose.—Kant.

A sufficient measure of civilization is the influence of good women.—Emerson.

The measure of the love of God is to love without measure.—Francis of Sales.

Duty and the present are ours; results and futurity belong to God.—H. Greeley.

Never contract a friendship with a man that is not better than thyself.—Confucius.

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.—F. H. Hedge.

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, the last duty done.—Geo. MacDonald.

When the service of the Lord seems hard, it is because we are but imperfectly performing it.—L. P. Mercer.

There is that in some men which, if not chilled by adversity, would give to the world grand thoughts.—Selected.

A man who has tastes like mine, but in greater power, will rule me any day, and make me love my ruler.—Emerson.

Always think the best of man. To think the worst is the sure mark of a mean spirit and a base soul.—Lord Bolingbroke.

There is no degree of merit so high as to place man beyond the reach of temptation, or to prevent him from rising still higher.—Dr. Follen.

Be silent unless you can speak kindly, helpfully. The spirit which prompts you to bruise others has the dyspepsia. Spiritual digestion is better than congestion or explosion.

Let the beginning and end alone. Now belongs to you; use it wisely. Your eternity is now. Begin your work where you are. Its trend will cover all time and reach farther than your mathematics.

Oh! tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?—Henry Ward Beecher.

Death is the sunset to this day of our material existence; to-morrow, the spiritual sun of a brighter and more beautiful day will appear in the firmament of our belief that shall stand at high meridian of that eternal day whose horizon is crimsoned with the never-fading light of immortality.—Dr. C. C. Peet.

The barque which thou hast to guide is thy physical body, which is now sailing down the river of life. Along the shores of this river are many false lights which will tempt thee to approach their alluring rays. Many have been attracted by them, like the moth to the flame, thinking thereby to gain happiness. But instead of happiness, they found misery; instead of joy they found sorrow; instead of health and strength they found sickness and death.—Alfred Kitson.

LAST TRIBUTES OF AFFECTION.

To the Mortal Life of Wells R. Anderson, Son of L. Pet Anderson. Services conducted by Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday Nov. 1st, at the Metropolitan Temple.

INVOCATION.

Infinite Spirit, out of the depths of sorrow souls cry unto Thee, who art the light that lighteneth every one that cometh into the world. Thou over death. Thou who art the life and the joy of the universe, in this hour of human sorrow we look to Thee for the truth that shall set our spirits free from the bonds of anguish; we look to Thee for the tender ministrations that shall heal us in our agony; we look to Thee for the revelation that shall make even this hour glad in the certainty that Thou art here, and that this through which we pass is only another sign of Thy tenderness; that these tears which thine human children shed are new jewels in life's crown, and that this change which has come unto a beloved one has been wrought by Thee in love, and that could our eyes penetrate the veil we should see the beauty and glory of life shining above the darkness and grief of death.

Divine Spirit, we thank Thee that unto our human lives has dawned the light of immortality; that these human ears have heard assurances from beyond the grave that there is no death. We thank Thee for every promise in this young life fulfilled; for the love that embraced him at his birth; for the love that gave him a genius for loving, and for the warmth, the beauty and tenderness that came into the world with him. We thank Thee for the sweet ministrations of his short human existence, and for the fulfillment in death of promises long postponed, for we know that Thou art there in the shadows that have gathered around us, and that Thy life pulsates in the bosom of his spirit, freed as it is from the casket of clay; we know that the darkness which shut down heavily over the mortal consciousness, lifted, and into it came the stars of immortal love, and that dear hands were stretched out to welcome him into the new life beyond the grave; that tender bosoms greeted his new birth with joy, and that sweet faces smiled there in that room where he was transfigured and set free from the flesh that imprisoned him.

We thank Thee for the consolations that come to the hearts of those who will miss him, because they already have the knowledge of Thy truth, and are looking beyond the outward sign to the immortal, and for the comfort and the peace that will come to them in their hour of need.

O, Heart of Love, we know Thy promises shall be fulfilled; we know that no bad of beauty or grace in this young life but will open out in the fair sunlight of another world, and that every hope that kindled in his bosom shall ripen to fruition; and that the joy he had in life will now be continued under fairer conditions, and that the threads that seem to us broken from their hold on this side of life are continuing on, making new attachments, weaving new beauties in the sphere of life immortal.

Divine Spirit, in Thine own wise, sweet way Thou wilt minister to these hearts bereaved; the eye of their spirits shall be opened to behold him in his fresh spiritual freedom, untouched by the frost of death; their ears shall catch the murmur of his tones of love, and they shall be assured that all the dread and all the anxiety of that hour hath passed away forever. And we shall look steadily forward to the fulfillment of Thy promises written in this fair young life, and these tender hearts that cling to his memory will find strong anchorage in the life to come, for them, and their hearts made more pure, their minds more clear, their spirits lifted and ripened by this tender and angelic presence. Life's burdens shall be less heavy, and the shadows that have gathered about them shall be dispelled, and through the ministrations of the angels shall they be drawn over nearer unto Thee, from whence proceedeth all precious gifts of life, and in whose care all precious souls must rest for evermore.

ADDRESS.

In our Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there may ye be also."

These words come to us from out the shadows of the past and re-echo in our hearts to-day full of tender music; and added to that music are dear and sweet assurances that are being repeated in our daily experiences.

Dear friends, once more we are called to sympathize with those in whose lives there hath come a new bereavement; to utter words of consolation, and speak of the life that is to be for every soul born into this world. Life as we find it here, is after all, but a promise—never fulfilled; though when in one so young as he was, we behold signs of decay, we say, "life is not finished; it is so unripe; there are so many things for him to do and to learn; his life is but a brilliant prophecy; how eager we waited for its fulfillment." May not this be said of every soul that lives and passes into the mystery of death? Each of our lives are simply a promise of something good and noble in the future. Not an act which we perform here, but upon reflection we feel it might have been made better; not a thought, but in the light of later wisdom we think was foolishness, and not a hope but seems to fall dead before it is fairly blossomed. No truer of this young life than of every life that meets

with this same transformation. Of him we can truly say that his life was full of promise and beautiful prophecy. More than that, he was the embodiment of a woman's tender love; he was the realization of a tender heart's dream. As the life unfolded petal by petal of its spiritual nature, that mother read upon each page some new, sweet promise and looked forward to the years to come for its fulfillment. And now when the threads which bound him to his sphere of existence are broken, when to see him no more in his earthly presence and miss him in the old-time paths and associations, and you ask yourself, "How can I bear it and what compensation for all the agony?" Where will this fruitage of human love ripen and this blossom of spiritual being unfold to perfection?" We answer again and again, life is eternal. This portion of it which we view in our mortal environments is only a discipline and a glimpse of what we may be.

And this young, sweet life, so full of love for existence in its earthly phase, so full of tenderness, with such a fine brain, and a heart to perceive and understand the beautiful, still rests under the great canopy of the Eternal's love. The lines of his life have passed on beyond our ken and entered upon a plane of a more real existence, full of intense emotion and divine awakening. The dread he felt at the approach of the shadow, the strong hold he had on life here—all this is now as naught, and at the first instant of the coming of that light from the life eternal the shadows for him dispelled forever, and the discord which the thought of death stirred in his heart was stilled, and in its place the music of that grander life flowed without a jar, save that which the tender spirit feels when it hears the sobbing of the loved ones left behind; when it sees the tears dropping upon the dead face; when it feels the clasping arms of love on this side and strives in vain to give answering response.

There is so much of beauty in an hour like this if only for you we could lift the veil. Only a few hours ago we looked upon a scene full of suffering and pain and disappointment; there seemed to be on every hand the thwarting of the divine will. We said to ourselves, "Oh, could it have been different with him how grand that life would have been!" And looking upon this life as the ultimate of being, our hearts were bursting with mighty sorrow, our souls shivered with a mighty anguish, and we asked, "Where is the compensation for all the struggle? Is life, then, but a mockery? Do we live simply to be robbed of the objects of our affection?"

But in this hour of our spiritual illumination we answer, this change is only an incident in the eternal life of the spirit, and every promise may be fulfilled as truly as though he had continued in that poor, pain-stricken form.

O mother, who dost find in him the answer to love's tenderest prayer; O mother, whose heart did wear him as a precious jewel, listen to the words that come from the great eternal; words freighted with the life of the spirit and with the promise of eternal unfoldment and growth. Listen to what love would breathe to you from across the grave, for it says: "Since love is born of God, and since the soul is but a fragment of the Infinite, this your child is not taken from you, nor aught that was truly him is lost to you, but now as never before the fine emotions which fired his heart will find an ample field in which to perform noble action; the sweet thoughts which throbbed in that brain will find appropriate expression. Now, as never before, can he be to you and to his chosen life's companion, a helper. How weak before, how strong he feels this day! The dissolution of the prison should not be occasion for grief; the breaking of the bondage that was so full of pain, this should not cause your tears to flow. Know this: that the pure flowers of affection are perennial in their bloom and surround you on every side; that death is a beautiful birth, a stage of being without which life would become unbearable."

O weeping friends, believe me! Above the words which mother love may speak, above the care which human love may bestow, is the care and love and providence of the eternal Father and Mother of us all. Stronger than your human love is the love

of Him who overrules all the seeming accidents of life.

Into the discipline of this young, short life there have come much of sorrow, but much of joy as well; so much that life seemed too sweet to part with here, just on the verge of a grand manhood. But lo! the moment his eyes opened on the scenes immortal, there is no death nor end to life, no end to ambition, no quenching of human hope, and the dreams of power, genius and philanthropy shall be fulfilled. So every germ starts into new life, puts on new form, strikes forward for fresh unfoldment; and the scintillations of that fresh young spirit will shed light on your way; the hands that grew too weak for any deed of love will serve you better than in his earthly life.

O hearts that mourn, be comforted! How short the space which divides; how brief the moments that lie between you and the reunion which awaits! Had he remained you know that into his life must have come sad experiences, that bitter tears would be shed in the years to come, and the heart be sorely tried; that the ambitions and the hopes must all meet with many chills, and that many and many a despairing cry would be heard from the sweet lips unclosing to breathe their tender consolations unto you.

And taking this truth to your heart, that your world is the spirit world, and that it is only a question of intelligence, of spiritual unfoldment, how near you may be to it. Take this truth to your heart, that only a flimsy screen of flesh stands between you and the expression of all his noble life, and that he will cherish you the same as here, and go forth to life's duties strong and brave. Know that every tender thought that pulses in your brain will draw him near you, and that a mother's love is stronger than death. He will come to meet you in your spiritual nature, and into your life will come the sweet songs he sang of old, and through your soul will flow the gentle harmonies that made his presence always a benediction. Still beside you a dear companion; still beside you the tenderest of sons and the dearest of children he will go with you through all your life, and the promise which the Master made to those who followed him is made to you to-day:

"Mother, if I failed to make the home here, I will make it there; if in any sense I failed in duty here, I will try to make good all that was expected and needed at my hands there. I go to prepare a place for you."

His intellect shall discover means by which your coming to the other life shall be made most beautiful; his affections shall invent sweet surprises to make that birth of yours pleasant, and his heart shall bloom in all its graces so that when you meet him face to face in one of those mansions of our Father, he will say to you: "Mother, weeping friends, see how good God has been to me! See how the life which was broken and imperfect there is unfolding to perfection in the new world. See how every flower still keeps fresh and how the tender thoughts flash in the pure light of the spirit world."

Dear ones, be comforted! Let your souls go out in trust to Him who rules in death, even as in life. This young man lives not in a land of strangers, but in beautiful companionships, and surrounded by dear kindred, hearts glad to see him freed from pain, a home made ready for him; he is full of rejoicing, the only thought to mar his happiness to-day being the sadness that he leaves with you. But the soul renewed in all its powers, strengthened in all its faculties, already shines in the light of the resurrection day, and his spirit newly clothed stands in the midst of a goodly company who have made this second birth a day of rejoicing unto all.

There is no death: the pale shadows which have fallen across his earthly existence do not penetrate to the land of souls. Sweet and tender was his welcome. See him now with the light of love unquenched in the beautiful eyes; with the words of affection unsealed from the lips, and taking up the labors which a feeble body compelled him to lay down. See him strong and true to the highest within him.

Be comforted in the memory of this life; the unfoldment of his nature which led you to heights and to depths, to tender

still, and the book of his life so fair to read in your eyes of love—bearing no stains upon its pages—will make a portion of the riches of all your future life.

Be comforted! the hours of your solitude shall be penetrated by his loving thoughts; and when, in a little while, the change comes to you, his hand will be the first extended to welcome you over there. Quick will be the recognition, and his life blossomed into virtues and beatitudes he knew not here, leading you up the far steeps of time, you will look back upon this season of tears and sighing with wonderment, and say: "Our Father knew what was best; we passed not under the rod, but into the light of this new revelation and this new joy which comes when the soul is freed from its mortal bondage, when the heart is released from its earthly burdens, when the mind that was darkened by pain is illumined with joy and love that is immortal."

We pass into this light, sweet friends, rejoicing in the revelations of this day which tell us of the life that is all about us, of the change that is full of beauty, of the revolution which death makes, of the promises held in the hand of God to be fulfilled in the unfolding of the never ending years.

Evangelical Zeal too Unanimous..

(Religio Philosophical Journal.)

The American Board of Foreign Missions has for a generation or more provided board and lodging free for all attendants at its annual meetings. Church members who could entertain visitors sent their names and the number for whom they could provide to the committee, who assigned visitors as they arrived. This opportunity to have a good time free of cost was a great temptation to evangelical folks, and each year has seen an increase in the number of those who had the souls of the poor heathen deeply at heart. This year the army of visitors numbered 4,000. Six bridal couples enjoyed their honey-moon free of cost by doing the zeal-for-the-heathen act. Ministers brought in all their sisters, cousins and aunts. Generous hearted Bostonians found their homes overrun with three times as many Christians as their houses would comfortably accommodate.

This state of affairs seems to have raised a suspicion in the minds of the Mission Board that all the heathen are not in foreign lands, and that all are not Christians who stand in the pulpit or wear the label; consequently a rule was adopted that will oblige attendants at these yearly gatherings to pay their hotel bills hereafter.

ANOTHER GEORGIA WONDER.—A paper published at Macon, Ga., says that city has developed a mind reader of remarkable powers. The phenomenon is not a crusty man, but a young and pretty woman who, by kinship, is closely allied to the press. Miss Mattie Pound is the lady to whom the secrets of men's minds, it is claimed, are revealed. She is the sister of Jerome and Eugene Pound, of the *Evening News*. She is entirely too modest to give public exhibitions of her wonderful powers, and but few of her friends are aware of them. Exhaustive tests have been made, which prove beyond doubt that Miss Pound possesses the powers which are claimed for her. She does not require to touch the person whose thoughts she wishes to divine, but simply fixes her eyes on the person's face and quickly tells of what the person is thinking. She does even more than this. She tells the thought in exactly the words the person would use if he told it himself.

At Middlesbrough, England, the other day, Dr. Strathern appeared as witness at petty sessions, but declined to take an oath, on the ground "that it was a very serious thing to kiss a book which was handled by all kinds of people." After some argument, the doctor offered, by way of compromise, to kiss the book if a clean sheet of paper was placed over the cover. The bench declined to accede this, or to allow the doctor to make the affirmation, and eventually he consented, under protest, to "run the risk of catching disease."

When you go to find truth take truth with you.—Fletcher.

A FOREIGNER'S. VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO.

[Walter Adams in *Golden Era*.]

"You are a stranger in this city?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Englishman?"

"No, Australian."

"Well, it's about the same thing, is it not?"

"No, indeed, you don't flatter an Australian by mistaking him for an Englishman."

"Well, what do you think of America, anyhow?"

"So far I have only seen San Francisco and it would not be fair to judge America from so comparatively new a city, but if you would be interested in hearing how a stranger finds San Francisco I will be glad to tell you."

My companion gave his assent, and resigned himself stoically to his fate.

"Well, San Francisco has its virtues like every other city in the world; but the virtues are not the most striking thing to the stranger in any city. I will, therefore, just give you my ideas as they come, with reference to what appear to me to be the most striking features about San Francisco. If I should make any comparison with Sydney it is not with the idea of showing Sydney to an advantage, but from want of another criterion.

"To do this properly, I should tell you my impression or, rather, my anticipation of America before I set out. It is probable that I shared, to some extent, the opinion of other Australians, who, as a rule, know as much about America as Americans know about them; and that is, I can assure you, very little, indeed. Americans look at me with suspicion when I attempt to assure them that the Australian continent is as large as the whole of the United States, and that the distance across it from east to west is almost the same, mile for mile, as the distance between San Francisco and New York.

"Australians have very little interest in America, as their foreign affairs have almost exclusive reference to Europe. They consequently have a great many very false and absurd ideas of America. In their eyes the American is a tall thin man, with lantern jaws, and a tuft of hair on his chin. He wears ill-fitting clothes, has a quid in his cheek, and is always ready to draw his pistol. He has an expression of deep-seated cunning in his features, and is supposed to lay around for the unwary stranger, whom he invariably succeeds in fleecing. I cannot say I quite endorsed these opinions, though I may have been to some extent influenced by them.

"It was on a cold foggy day that I first beheld from the deck of the 'Mariposa' the pleasing prospect which has made a lasting impression upon my mind. The lovely Golden Gate lay in front of us, half shrouded in vapory clouds. The sea was dead calm, and everywhere were steamers and ships, showing that we were drawing near the great Western Metropolis. The scenery was simply enchanting, as we entered the Gate and made our way towards the city.

"About 2:30 p.m., the steamer made fast to the dock, and on going to the vessel's side, I was surprised to see a great number of men on the wharf in a seeming state of great agitation. They were yelling at the top of their voices, and gesticulating frantically. As soon as the plank was put out, I hastened to go ashore; but had no sooner made my appearance, on the stage, than I was greeted with a terrific shout from the shore. Looking up, I was surprised to find that I was the cause of the excitement; but the next moment, when I stepped ashore, my astonishment was unbounded to find myself surrounded by a mob of some fifty men, pushing and pulling at me, swearing and fighting, and yelling at the pitch of their voices. In a few moments I was rescued by a tall man in a blue frock coat, with a silver star on his breast. I thought he must be a magistrate from the way he lay about him with a stout cane, but have since discovered that he was only a police officer. He stood with me for an instant in the center of a yelling circle of fiends, and think for a moment before I could quite take it in. I have since written to my Australian friends who are likely to travel this way, advising them to bring fence rails along, and use them after the manner of the police officer's cane. It should be quite needless to remark that these yelling fiends were nothing else but hotel-runners and carriers.

"Every city in the world has natural drawbacks, without requiring the ingenuity of man to invent new ones. The cobble stones in San Francisco must be the result of an inspiration specially directed by his Satanic majesty in person. But it is not so much of the city that I wish to speak as of the people. There is no connection between San Francisco and its inhabitants.

"The first thing that strikes the foreigner in San Francisco (of course, after he has digested the cobble-stone problem) is the almost universal habit the people have adopted, of living in hired rooms. Houses which would contain but one family in Australia, in this city generally shelter several. Now, there may be a good many

arguments in favor of the rooming system, and strong ones, too; but I do not think they are as strong as the arguments that can be made against it. Life in San Francisco bears all the characteristics of hotel life at a watering place, and a merry life it is, no doubt; but it is not the kind of life that builds up a great and respectable moral status. To speak plainly, the people who live in San Francisco have very little interest in the city, and figure more as visitors than permanent residents. The number who own homes of their own is so small that it might with truth be said that San Franciscans do not own the city they live in. The result of this is very plain, for it is due to this alone, that San Francisco bears a wide spread reputation for lawlessness, which is to be heard echoed in almost every corner of the world. The San Francisco and Sydney are about the same size, yet the law abiding qualities of the two people cannot for a moment be compared. The reason is simply this: The people of Sydney own Sydney; they have their own homes, and as a rule, live in the one place all their lives. When people, no matter who they are, settle down and become owners of homes, they grow more practically patriotic; they assume a certain respectability which constitutes them fathers of the place, and they are drawn together by mutual ties, for their own protection and therefore for the protection of the laws. The moral influence of a home where a man has a vested interest, exercises a strong moral influence, even on rugged natures. There is much in old associations. Even an old piece of furniture which has been in a family for years, tends to remind most people of a certain respectability of parentage. But on the contrary when people are accustomed to spend their lives in rooms, where even the furniture does not belong to them, they feel no deep interest in the affairs of the city, so long as they are not personally embroiled.

"The San Franciscan newspapers at once strike the stranger, both by reason of their style, and excessive number. They possess many shining qualities, but their bad ones are by far the most conspicuous. Some of the daily papers are very frequently guilty of the most unpalatable coarseness, and as a general rule their style is vulgar. Low sensational headings and flippant notice of crime, do a great deal to make little of those things in the eyes of the masses. But by far the greatest fault about the San Franciscan newspapers, is lack of veracity. They do not appear to care what they publish, nor do they seem to take any pains to ascertain the truth of a report before they print it. These things combine to give the papers a tone of insincerity, which is their leading characteristic. It has been said that a country may be judged by its journals; but I should be sorry to so judge San Francisco, for it would not only be an unjust task, but also a very unpleasant one. Editors of papers, as a rule, know the extent of the power they wield to do good or evil in the mind of the masses, hence we often find them make reference to their assumed position as public teachers. The San Franciscan editors seem deeply imbued with this fact. If sincerity backed their self-constituted preceptorship, they would adopt a very different and more elevating tone. What good can they hope to do by coarseness, vulgarity or flippant mention of crime? It is true they at times expose city or public frauds; but exposing frauds once or twice a year is not teaching the people morals. If the people want public teachers they should have the privilege of electing whom they wish for that important post, and not be at the mercy of every literary crank who forces himself upon them under that pretext.

"Before leaving Australia, I had read and heard much about American liberty. I could never get a clear understanding of what that liberty was, but had frequently heard that it simply meant freedom from certain binding laws. Since my arrival in San Francisco I have found that, here at least, such is the case. I landed in this city with the honest anticipation of a glorious freedom from the yoke of law; and my first impressions confirmed that anticipation. I had not been long in the city, however, before I discovered how very much more real liberty the Australian enjoys than his American cousin. In the first place the San Franciscan works longer hours a day and more days a week and year, than the Australian. In Sydney business of all kinds suspends work on Saturday at 1 o'clock, and remains closed until Monday morning. Trading on Sunday is against the law, hence thousands who otherwise would be kept close at work on the seventh day, are, through the strength of the law, permitted to be free from the iron grasp of their employers. This one instance is enough to illustrate what I wish to point out. In San Francisco there are no such binding laws, and the consequence is that what at first brush appears to be liberty is no such thing to the masses. What better idea of the fallacy of American liberty, can be given than the case of San Francisco? The result of allowing every man to do as he likes so long as he commits no crime, is putting the most complete power into the hands of the capitalists and employers of labor. The rich grind the poor, and the employer of labor overworks his employees, as daily occurs in this city. The merchants block up the sidewalks with goods to the inconvenience of every passer-by;

dyers hang dripping clothes to dry over the sidewalks, and besprinkle the unwary; saloons remain open all night, and drunken riot keeps people awake for some distance around; and many like things occur. If true liberty is the power of one man to work others seven days a week, and ten hours or more a day, I have a false idea of liberty; or if liberty means the power of a few to put to great inconvenience the whole of the remainder, then I am again at fault and prefer to remain so. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that every man and woman in San Francisco should have the privilege of enjoying half of Saturday and the whole of Sunday, every week. The only way to gain true liberty is to make certain restricting laws and enforce them.

"A great deal might be said upon the absence of the love of healthy sports in the young men of San Francisco. A few well patronized rowing clubs, base-ball clubs, lawn tennis clubs, and such like, would do much to keep the youth from the saloons, besides exercising a refining influence on the mind. But the young men of this city have no opportunity for such things, because they are held in check by the iron grasp of their employers, who swallow the whole of their time.

"Chinatown, the cancer in the heart of this fair city, stands out in bold relief as another monument of American liberty. Surely it is acknowledged now, that had more conservative measures been adopted with regard to these interlopers, the city would have been the better for it. It is too late to do much now in the matter, except stop the coming of more heathens.

"The cable car system of San Francisco cannot be too highly praised; it appears to be as near perfection as it is possible to make street traffic. The cars are clean and comfortable, especially in wet or dusty weather. Some of the horse-cars—Mission and Howard Streets for instance—are a little back of the times. It is very remarkable that all means of passenger traffic in San Francisco are so comfortable. The steamers on the Bay are models of comfort and elegance; some of them taken to Sydney and run on Port Jackson would be a paying speculation.

"And now in regard to the San Franciscans themselves: I take great pleasure in saying that their engaging frankness of manner, hospitality to the stranger, and many other rare qualities, mark them as men and women whose friendship is always to be remembered with gratitude. San Franciscans like strangers to settle in their midst, and when fortune brings the wanderer to their well-favored shores, they take a disinterested pleasure in giving what assistance he needs.

"The great number of pretty girls to be seen any day on the streets is very noticeable. They are all well dressed and well mannered, and have a keen sense of the artistic. Nearly all young men and women of San Francisco, appear to have a great love for the art of good speaking. I have scarcely met a native who has not more or less the knack of expressing his thoughts fluently. All the little children speak nicely, and with a wonderfully clear articulation, which seems to be the result of a proper care in that department, on the part of the schools. The extent to which elocution seems to be taught, cannot be too highly commended, and should be more popular in English countries, for oratory is, perhaps, one of the highest arts known.

"The future of San Francisco is too apparent to admit a moment's doubt. With all the natural advantages of a beautiful climate—a climate which cannot be surpassed in the world—a grand harbor, and fertile soil, and above all an energetic and enlightened people, San Francisco will grow in population and wealth, until it is one of the largest and most important cities of the world. Who can doubt, when considering the well favored Pacific Slope, with so many advantages of climate and soil, that the future of the Western Metropolis will be one of the brightest and best the world has ever seen?"

The New York *Sun* states that Mrs. Albert Wilcox, a young woman much respected, living at Oneonta, has been afflicted for nearly a year with Bright's disease, and for several months she has been unable to walk. Friends and relatives who are religiously inclined, have frequently advised her to try the faith cure. Several days ago she refused to use any more medicine, and began praying. A few mornings ago a lady friend called, and the two prayed all day. In the evening Mrs. Wilcox arose from the bed and walked to the dining room and took supper with the other members of the family with which she is staying, Mrs. Henry Potter on Maple street. The day before she had to be lifted from the bed. Since then she has steadily improved, and is able to walk with ease to any part of the house. She firmly believes she has been cured by faith, and all acquainted with the case say it is wonderful.

As gratitude is a necessary and a glorious, so also is it an obvious, a cheap and easy virtue; so obvious, that wherever there is life there is place for it; so cheap, that the covetous man may be grateful without expense; and so easy, that the sluggard may be likewise without labor.—Seneca.

RESCUE THE CHILDREN.

The subject of temperance is a very wide one. The dreadful evidence on which we not only claim it to be our right as citizens, but feel it to be our duty as Christians and as men, to do the very utmost in our power to combat the fatal power of drink, and all the perilous customs which form the citadel in which it is entrenched, is an evidence so wide spread and so multitudinous, gathered from such a variety of sources, extending into such a labyrinth of ramifications, that every speaker on the subject must feel that, if he had a hundred tongues, he could still do nothing but injustice to his cause. And all the lines of evidence converge, with fatal precision, from hundreds of points of an almost infinite circumference to a centre only too well defined, which is the ruin and degradation caused by drink in almost every region of the world. But, perhaps, no part of the evidence is more painful, more calculated to touch the heart, to rouse the conscience, to stimulate the energy, to kindle the burning indignation of earnest and of Christian men, than that which proves to us how fatal drink is to the happiness, the hopes, the home, the very life of hundreds and thousands of English children. And, therefore, one of the cries which should, I think, ring in the ears of every man who loves his brother man is, "Pity the children! save the children! rescue the children from this curse!"

Persons who strain at the very tiniest and most microscopic gnats, while at a single gulp they are daily ready to swallow the most monstrous camels, talk of its being unfair to children to induce them to take the pledge. Now, which is the most unfair to children—to induce them to take the pledge, and so to try to save them, or, with the pitiless obstinacy of callous prejudice, to leave them defenseless before the rushing tide of enormous evils and the wild-beast spring of terrible temptations?

1. They are exposed to shameful neglect. Go to the foul, feverish slums of all our great cities, and see children—children of eternity, children for whom Christ died—in the low, infamous rooms of the low, infamous streets, growing up in the haunts of crime and misery, amid the reek of gin and the sounds of blasphemy, dirty, dissolute, diseased, with always at least one prosperous place hard by—the public house—flourishing like some bloated fungus in a region of decay and death.

2. And not to neglect only: they are exposed to daily and horrible accidents. But, alas, how little men realize the daily and weekly facts! A drunken driver is driving his van, in a drunkard's heavy, brutal way, through the street of Southward, a woman is passing with a babe in her arms and leading a little girl by the hand. He runs over them, severely injuring the woman, killing the little babe of eleven months, and breaking the leg of the little girl of four. He is only drunk, so no one thinks more about it!

3. Nor is it accidents only: they are exposed to cruelty.

A week ago, a drunken woman in London is seen holding a child of five months by the legs, head downward.

When remonstrated with, she flings the child on the pavement, and runs away.

4. Nor is it only to hideous cruelty: they are exposed to death. A fortnight ago, a child at Rock Ferry is found burnt and scalded to death, because the drunken woman in charge of it falls against a fireplace. Dozens of children are yearly being killed by being overlaid by drunken parents. More children are every year sacrificed to drink in England than were ever burnt to Moloch in the worst ages of Judean apostasy in the Valley of the Children of Hinnom.

5. Again, they are exposed to dreadful congenital sickness. In her last book, the graceful authoress of "John Halifax" describes her visit to the East London Hospital for Children. She went first into the accident ward. "You can imagine" said the nurse to her, "how necessary this ward is, when from drink and ignorance the children are exposed to accidents from morning to night. Numbers are brought in, and last Saturday night there was a terrible case—such a dear little girl burnt all over the face and arms and neck." "Did she live?" "Oh, no! better not," said the nurse: "she was at rest by Sunday night." They went into another ward sadder than that, for cases of accident, where were children suffering from every form of constitutional corruption—rickets, hip complaint, bone disorder, cancer. "These," said the nurse, "are our worst and most painful cases. Often surgery is the only hope of cure; and the children are so weakly that we dare not risk an operation." In going through this ward, she says, "One almost felt that death was better than life."

6. But it is not to congenital sickness only. Besides all this, these miserable, hopeless children of drunkards are exposed to murder. In this very year—the year of our Lord 1881—in Christian England, children, not a few, have been murdered by drunkards. Not a few, even in the opening days. In Glasgow, a wretched woman, widow of forty, excited by excessive drinking, goes to her home, and, not knowing what she is doing, flings into the street her little boy of two and her little girl of five. They were picked up alive; the girl dies in half an hour, the boy nine hours afterward.

7. Can you believe that children are even exposed to unconscious suicide? Yet they are! In the joy of men at Christmas and the New Year—this last Christmas, this very year—two children, at least, have thus met their end. A little child of three gets out of bed at Glasgow, drinks some whisky left on the table, and in the morning is found dead. At Huddersfield, a little boy of four dies from the effects of whisky which has been bought by its mother, as she was expecting friends!

8. Is there anything worse to which they are exposed? Yes; they are exposed to sin. Neglect, accident, sickness and cruelty—these may maim and torture the body; murder and suicide may end the life; but sin ruins the soul.—*Canon Far-rar.*

The Wheat Crop.

It is thought that the wheat crop of the United States will fall short fully one hundred and sixty millions of bushels this year. This summing up of the year's work shows that those who were predicting an over-production, at the beginning of the year were far from being either wise or prophetic. It is utterly impossible, under any circumstances, considering the present conditions of internal relations, for there to be too heavy a crop of grain. In view of the apparent indications at the beginning of the year, in many sections of the East, farmers were debating the policy of adapting their land to other crops, and in some sections this course was pursued. From present indications throughout Europe, there will, during the coming twelve months, be a heavy drainage upon the producing element, in proportion as warlike preparations continue. Nearly every foreign power is in an abnormal condition, ready for war; and under such a state of affairs, the armies and navies must be supported, whether there be actual hostility or not; and the requirement of the various governments from the agricultural resources will necessarily be in a far greater ratio than that of the actual increase of the forces. The grain showing of Europe during the coming year will inevitably be under that of the past year, and consequently our farmers will in all probability find a ready market for all the grain they can produce. It is very safe to assert that our grain producers have a more encouraging prospect before them than for years, and we can see no reason for curtailing the acreage sown in any portion of the country.

THE JUDICIAL FAMILY.—With the gradual dying out of the military titles—"Majah," "Colonel," "General," and the like, Tennessee has had a wonderful upspringing of civilian titles, and "doctor" and "judge" are the commonest of distinctions. "With a more extensive judicial family," says the Memphis *Avalanche*, "than any other State, her courts are probably behind those of any other State in the dispatch of business. The placid and leisurely elegance of her Supreme Court, with its referee satellites revolving dizzy like the moons of Jupiter, is the crowning charm of the system, the ornamental bang upon the forehead."—*Chicago Herald*.

LIVERPOOL'S AMBULANCE SERVICE.—The methods of the American ambulance service, suspension harness and all, are warmly praised in Liverpool, where they have been in use for over a year. The record of the Northern hospital gives the average time from the call to the departure of an ambulance at two minutes and fourteen seconds by day and four minutes by night. The time of each journey from call to return was eighteen minutes and thirty seconds. The comment is that the keeping of such a record makes men in the service ambitious.

Every man in mature years ought to be able to look back upon a beautiful series of wedded unions; first with a blooming, light-hearted young creature, taking life on trust; then with an earnest, devoted mother; then with a sorrowing, heaven-aspiring being, who has stood with him at the graves of his children; then with a strong-sustaining helpmate whose higher courage supported him when the day of reverses came.—*Boston Herald*.

A little boy, who had only been asleep five minutes, but dreamed about five years, was incredulous when he was told how short a time he slept. He finally remarked: "Well, that may be so; but it's funny how long it takes to sleep five minutes."—*Pluck*.

Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous self-risking deed. We feel no doubt then what is the highest prize the soul can win; we almost believe in our own power to attain it.—*George Eliot*.

Perhaps, as a matter of government, a good despot would make a better government; but for the education of the people governed, a good despotism is worse than freedom with its admixture of folly.—*Garrison*.

Every man living shall assuredly meet with an hour of temptation, a certain critical hour which shall more especially try what mettle his heart is made of.—*South.*

EVOLUTION.

[J. R. Morely in the Index.]

The new chemistry, the chemistry of the present day is based upon the supposition that all matter is composed of atoms; that atoms coming together form molecules; that a molecule is the smallest particle of substance that can exist as such—thus a molecule of sugar, is the smallest particle that can exist as sugar; any further division would break it up into its atomic elements of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; that the molecules composing a substance are in constant motion; and that the intensity of this motion is what constitutes its temperature. In entering the fields of physics, we must leave behind us the prevalent notion associated with the terms heat and cold. Heat is simply a mode of motion. A substance is warm to the human hand when its molecules are moving slightly faster than the molecules of the hand,—hot when moving much more rapidly, and cold when moving slower. The molecular vibrations of the human body are such that, when the body is brought in contact with a small column of mercury confined within a glass tube, and held in this position for a time sufficiently long for the molecular impulse of the body to be imparted to the molecules of the quicksilver, they cause the latter to swing farther and farther apart, thus increasing the height of the column of mercury until it reaches a point on the scale marked 98 degrees or thereabouts. Thus, we say, the temperature of the body, in round numbers, is 98 degrees.

Throughout the whole universe, as Spencer teaches, there is an unceasing redistribution of matter and motion, either in the direction of evolution or of dissolution.

When this process is one of evolution, there is an integration of the molecules of matter, during which the motion or energy of the individual molecules undergo a like process of integration, or unification; and the result of this acting together as one is a motion of the whole mass in a common direction. Thus, the molecular motion of the ignited powder in a cannon, imparted to the molecules of the canon-ball, causes its molecules as a whole (that is, the ball) to move in a common direction, thus converting heat or molecular motion into mass or molar motion. When the cannon-ball strikes an object offering resistance sufficient to arrest its flight, the sudden shock breaks up or redistributes this co-operative or corporate motion of the molecules of the ball; and each moves, as it were, independently of the other, and the ball becomes hot,—just as when a regiment of soldiers, moving as a single living organism, throws itself upon an opposing regiment too strong for it to break, the recoil converts this unified body of men into a tumultuous mass of confused and excited individuals flying in every direction.

In the inorganic world of matter, the process of evolution apparently proceeds no further than the conversion of molecular motion into mass or molar motion and crystallization. The movements of the planets through space, the great pulse throb of the sea, the currents in the vast aerial ocean that surrounds us, the upheaving of mountain ranges and all other terrestrial movements, come through the integration of the molecules of matter and the conversion of their individual energies into an energy acting as one, or mass motion. The process of crystallization approaches very closely the vital process, and indicates that the continuity between the inorganic and organic worlds is unbroken. With molecules of organic matter, the same tendency exists as with those of inorganic matter, but with a greater complexity of results. In the animal organism, the molecules of the body become integrated into cells, or cell animals, the cells by further integration become welded together, so to speak, forming the muscles and tissues of the body. These united cells also unite their individual energies, or a large portion, into a common or corporate energy; and the result is muscular motion and animal locomotion. The retained portion, or that withheld from this joint action, remains as molecular motion or heat, which, like a bank's reserve fund, must never fall below an energy indicated by the thermometer at 98 degrees.

Dissolution, as said before, is a disintegration of matter, an absorption of motion. Now, to illustrate this, let us take a case of inflammation resulting from a wound. It is needless to state that inflammation is a step toward dissolution; for, if not arrested, it invariably terminates at that point.

The English *Medical Times and Gazette*, in a recent issue, in commenting on a suggestion thrown out by Dr. J. Hughlings Jackson, that inflammation should be regarded as a process of dissolution, very clearly demonstrates that the process fully corresponds to Mr. Spencer's definition of dissolution. The substance of this article I give, but not the words. Spencer's definition first asserts that dissolution is a disintegration of matter. Now, we find that the afflicted part is soft and swollen, showing that its component molecules are swinging farther and farther apart, and consequently occupying more space. These molecules that were formerly integrated into a solid, compact body, occupying but little space, now, like our regiment of soldiers mentioned above, are being converted into groups, so to speak, of excited

unorganized units, muscular motion or mass motion is being dissipated or converted into molecular motion or heat. In other words, the afflicted part is hot; and muscular effort becomes difficult, if possible at all. To correct this, we bathe the afflicted part with water whose molecules are moving slower (*i. e.*, colder) than those composing the inflamed tissue. From the water thus applied, the excited molecules can gain no accelerated motion; but, on the contrary, the slower moving molecules of the water absorb or take up the motion that would otherwise be taken up by the molecules composing the adjoining tissue. In other words, the inflammation is reduced.

Again, Spencer asserts that matter, during the process of dissolution, passes from a definite, coherent heterogeneity to an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity. In corroboration of this, it is hardly necessary to state that, if the inflammation is not arrested, the definite, coherent, or closely co-ordinated and heterogeneous cells, such as skin, nerve, muscle, and bone cells, liquefy and pass into indefinite, incoherent homogeneous pus cells, with a complete absorption of all motion that could be called organic or animal motion. As before stated, civilization, art, religion, and government, being the resultants of matter and life, are embraced within the same law, and proceed like them from the simple and indefinite to the complex and definite with a constantly increasing complexity and definiteness until the point of equilibration is reached. From this point the process is backward in the direction of dissolution.

The individual units of a savage community are strictly analogous to the units of a slightly integrated animal. Destroy one-half of such a community, and the injury is similar to that inflicted when we divided the earth worm, as far as it relates to the social organism; for the function of each individual unit in such a community, as it relates to the whole community, is identically that of another,—no social or corporate institutions are disturbed, but only an aggregate weakened; but inflict a like injury upon a civilized community possessing transportation, telegraphic, postal, and mercantile systems, analogous to the circulatory, nervous, and nutritive functions of a highly integrated organism, and the injury sustained is in exact proportion to the definiteness and complexity of such social organization. It is needless to remind the reader that a shock to any of our public or corporate organizations, particularly to our monetary system, means a wide-spread injury and suffering reaching the humblest units of the social body. As in the terrestrial ocean, so there also goes through the ocean of infinity a great pulse throb,—the integration and disintegration of matter,—the culmination of such waves being the building, and their subsidence the unbuilding of worlds. And, to the man who first grasped and solved this great problem of the universe, more homage is due than to Pythagoras, Plato, or to any of the philosophers that have preceded him.

MENTAL HEALING.

[Miss E. J. Bennett in the Father's Love.]

The discovery and establishment of mental healing marks an era of the greatest importance in human progress. This is no mysterious power limited to a special few. It is in every human being, active or latent, for mind is universal, and is the controlling force of the universe. The finite mind being in constant union with the infinite, is just as mighty to control the body as is the Divine to control the universe. This is law. A science has been deduced from this law. By understanding it all disease can be removed, when their is sufficient vitality in the body to respond to the awakened mind. This is practically proved every day. Hundreds are learning how to heal, and practice very successfully. No other system ever taught the patient how to become his own physician. This science teaches how to overcome mental, moral and physical ills. So silently and deeply flows this current of thought that only those that are borne onward by it are aware of its power.

The reason all do not enter into the belief that the mind controls the body is because the latter has been the main object of thought. The predominant idea is, how to nourish, clothe and gratify it. Even the intellect is most active in material creations. When man experiences intense joy or sorrow, he thinks that whatever causes these emotions is real and true; so, when he is told that he has mental power that will overcome bodily pain, he does not comprehend it. To believe the truths of spirit or mind in opposition to the illusions of sense, is to overcome evil. No one can enter this life without a broad love for humanity. In this light all gravitate toward universal harmony, in just the ratio that man removes error from himself, is he prepared to remove it from others. Those who live purely, and seek earnestly for mental truth, develop powers so far beyond those that live only in the senses, that the works they do are deemed miraculous.

The sale of E. P. Roe's books has reached the aggregate of 750,000 copies. Of Mr. Howell's books the *Graphic* thinks it is probably stretching a point to say 106,000 have been sold.

RENOVATING CALVINISM.

The pulpit continues to furnish sensations. The other night the Rev. Mangasarian created intense excitement in his Philadelphia church by tendering his resignation, and at the same time renouncing Presbyterianism. The reverend gentleman preached from Acts xxiv, 14: "But this I confess unto them: that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers." "If Calvin, Wesley and Edwards had the right to make articles of faith," said Mr. Mangasarian, "have I not the same right to make articles of faith and differ with them as they differed from those who went before them?" After telling the audience how he had outgrown the creed of Calvin, he said: "I shall have no creed of Christ. My sympathies are with all sects having liberal views. I indorse the new creed of the Congregational church. Your creed says that mankind is born and lives under the curse of God; that in Adam's sin all man kind fell, and for transgression God sentenced his children to unending sorrow. Your creed shows me a heaven thinly settled, a hell peopled; few saints, many sinners. Your creed tells me that under the eternal law predestination nothing can change the number of souls ransomed. This is fatalism. What need then of preaching the Gospel? If a father decides to save three of his six children and consign the other three to an eternal hell, what can we do? What power can gospel preaching possess? I ridicule the idea of a personal devil, absolute and forever existing. God alone is absolute. How, then, can there be an absolute devil? Heaven will swallow up all hell, and there will be no more devil to tempt us. Evil influence is the devil. Temptations, drink, gold and love of show are devils roaring about 'seeking whom they may devour.' Men takes his heaven or hell with him to the grave. There is no escaping the punishment for violation of God's laws, but the purpose of that punishment is the reformation of the sufferer." Mr. Mangasarian closed his powerful sermon by declaring his disbelief in a dramatic judgment day, and that the doctrine of total depravity was a blackmailing of human nature. He hoped the day would hasten when all theological fences would be leveled. The astonished congregation warmly congratulated its late pastor at the close of the sermon, and many wept at the idea of so sudden a parting.

Declaring His Independence.

[Religio Philosophical Journal.]

The Rev. Mangasarian, for three years pastor of the Spring Garden Presbyterian Church, on the first Sunday in October, publicly renounced the dogmas of John Calvin, and to a great throng of enthusiastic hearers recited his reasons for abandoning the creed of orthodoxy. He says:

"I have ceased to be a Calvinist. This evening I come to announce to you that after a long struggle of fear and doubt, God has given me the courage to declare that I am no longer a believer in the cruel dogmas of John Calvin. The hour of liberty has come, and with this sermon I strike for freedom and candor in the pulpit. From this moment I take down my denominational flag, and throw off my shackles. I stand on tip-toe and shout at the top of my voice that henceforth I am no longer a sectarian preacher, or the slave of a medieval creed. I entered the ministry when I was nineteen years of age, and ever loved the work of helping men to gain more light and a truer knowledge of the Inspired Word. But I came to find that in the Presbyterian church, I could not study and arrive at my own conclusions, although I could study all I wanted to, if I promised to arrive at the conclusions of the iron-bound creed.

"Henceforth no creed shall bind me. No denominational lines, or sectarian fence shall lock me in. I have leaped over the fence. I have escaped from my chains. I have the wide world to build upon and immensely to build into—the church of goodness and love. The simple words of Christ shall be my creed, and no doctrine that cannot be proven from the express utterances of Christ shall I preach as Christian. Before I was fenced in, and whenever I tried to investigate in any particular line, I could go as far as the denominational fence and then had to turn back. Did I once or twice dare to stand high and look beyond the fence, then I was suspected of heresy, and threats were made against me not to venture it again. But O! how glad I am, the fence is knocked down, and now I have just as much liberty to think, and speak, as any man whom 'the truth has made free.' My future pulpit shall be honest and daring, I shall tell all I know and the best that I know. I shall fly as far as my wings can carry me. I shall welcome all who, independent of creed and dogma, 'love mercy, walk humbly and do justly' before God."

Said Heber Newton, in a recent sermon: "The sufferings of earth form the ever fresh puzzle of man. Why is there so much pain upon the earth? Why have we to suffer so keenly in this brief life? Who does not know the anguish of this question? Who, that has ever walked the wards of a hospital, does not feel it ring through his being, challenging his

faith in a good and merciful God? No one can solve this problem as yet." When an Episcopalian clergyman feels compelled to make an admission like the above, our liberal preachers, whose radicalism is limited to fierce assaults upon orthodox Christianity, might afford to exercise a little more patience with, and show a little more courtesy to, the class of thinkers called agnostics. Why should they who believe less than their orthodox neighbors show the spirit of the Pharisee toward those who believe even less than they in regard to matters of which probably nobody knows anything, and as to which minds equally able and acute honestly differ?—*The Index.*

Little Mac's Love.

It was a clear, cold Saturday afternoon in 1860, when Gen. McClellan found himself for the first time in Baltimore, Md. He put up at one of the hotels, and being tired out immediately retired. The next morning he went to a church in the neighborhood. He was ushered into a pew near the alter. The pew had already one occupant in it, however. This was a handsome young lady. She was very handsome. A slender, delicate figure, draped in gray silk, with a wealth of blonde hair rolled about her graceful head. This was all the General could see at the first glance, but he felt at that one moment that the young lady before him was the only one whom he could ever love.

Until now the General's time had been too much taken up with business cares to give much thought to love, but now a new feeling thrilled his heart and he actually blushed. He knelt down and opened a prayer-book, but paid little attention to it. His mind was taken up with the fair young devotee by his side. At last he saw her features. Her eyes were the color of a cloudless sky, and her mouth of the rosebud variety, with ripe-cherry lips.

The General feasted his eyes on this picture until the services were over. As she was leaving the pew she glanced at the General, and then rosy blushes chased one another rapidly over her fair countenance, because she noticed for the first time the General's admiring eyes fixed upon her. She walked slowly home toward one of the most fashionable quarters of the city, totally unaware that the handsome young fellow was following close behind her. She entered one of the handsomest houses in the city, leaving the General, as he afterwards expressed it, standing on the street looking like a ninny. He learned that the house was owned by Gen. R. B. Marcy, an old war-worn veteran. George himself had had a taste of war life during the Mexican trouble, and had retired when it was over with the rank of Captain. He remembered that one of his schoolmates at West Point was named Marcy. He made inquiries, and learned that Gen. Marcy was the father of his old school companion. It did not take him long then to renew his acquaintance with Gen. Marcy's son, who was delighted to meet George again. He introduced the latter to his parents and also to his sister Ellen, who had made such a deep impression on George at the church. He began at once to pay assiduous attention to the peerless little beauty. It was plainly seen after a while that his love was reciprocated. He asked and obtained Gen. Marcy's permission to wed his daughter.

They were married in May, 1860. Mrs. McClellan confessed that she was as deeply smitten with the handsome young soldier on the day of their first meeting as he was with her. Since their marriage Mrs. McClellan has accompanied her husband wherever his duties led him.

Death of A Heroic Girl.

[Corr. N. Y. Sun.]

I was called one day in October to the family of a German who lived on a small place three miles from town. He was a poor man with many children, one of whom, a boy of ten years, had diphtheria. I attended my patient faithfully and he recovered. He had a sister, two years older, called Sadie, who seemed inexplicably grateful to me "for saving brother Jimmy's life." Always she spoke of me as "the good doctor who saved brother Jimmy's life," and I, in turn, won by her affectionate words and ways, fell into the habit of thinking and speaking of her as "my good little girl." Thus we became excellent friends.

Not long afterward Sadie herself had diphtheria, for which she was very sorry, because it prevented her from gathering a bushel of hickory nuts to pay me for saving "Brother Jimmy's life." In all her sickness she never expressed one regret for herself. Her disease ran ominously, but at last she seemed convalescent and one day her father called to say that Sadie was very much better, and that I need not trouble myself to call again. But early the next morning he roused me and said he feared Sadie was dying. I hastened to her bedside and found that it was even so. She knew me. Beside her in bed under the ragged quilt, she had a small bag of hickory nuts, gathered by her, at the expense of her life, the day before. "For saving brother Jimmy," she gasped; and in a few moments my good little girl was dead.

SPIRIT POWER.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Several years ago there was living in my family a girl not 15 years of age, who was a remarkable medium. Among other phases of manifestation was that of using her right hand, both for writing and drawing. Whenever they were about to control her hand, she said it seemed as though some one was tying a wet, hot bandage around her arm just above the elbow, when the hand and arm would turn pale and become cold, and she would lose all control over it, as well as all feeling or sense of touch. Soon the hand would move independent of her will, then it could write or draw. At this time we would usually blind her eyes by putting small pads on her eyes, and then tying a handkerchief around her head over her eyes, or she would turn her head in an opposite direction and engage in conversation with persons in the room. Then, anyone could correspond with the hand and generally with some departed friend. About this time a friend of mine, who was investigating the phenomena, said to me, "I want to go home with you, for I think I shall get some test or remarkable manifestation." On arriving at home, we entered the house quietly, when we found several of our neighbors were there, and had the medium blindfolded and writing. We seated ourselves without observation. When the clock on the mantle struck nine, I looked at my watch and saw that it lacked fifteen minutes of nine. I pointed it out to my friend, who immediately wrote and placed under the hand of the medium with these words: "Can you tell what time it is by Mr. Reed's watch?" when she wrote, "Let me take the watch, and I will try." I detached the watch and placed it on the table shut, when the hand took it it pressed the spring, which opened the watch. When the hand held it up near the right shoulder of the medium, and immediately wrote the correct time. Observing this movement I wrote: "Why did you place the watch at the medium's shoulder, instead of her face?" When the hand at once wrote, "In controlling this medium's hand, I sit by her side. I hold the watch to my face, not hers. In controlling her hand I am partially materialized, and hence have to hold the watch so that I could see the time."

The day following, we both (my friend and I) were in the Secretary of State's Office, when the event of the previous evening was being discussed, Col. I. R. M., who was at the time Assistant Secretary of State, said he could easily account for the phenomenon on other grounds than that of spirits, saying: "We all acknowledge psychology, and that is the way it was done; for," said he, "you knew what time it was by Mr. R's watch, did you not, Mr. T?" "I did," I replied. "And of course, you knew what time it was by your watch, Mr. R., did you not?" "Certainly, I did," I replied; "but I do not see where the law of *en rapport* comes in, in this case, for we had both just entered the room." "It must have been in this manner," replied Col. M., "and there may be some law in which you become *en rapport* that you do not understand." I admitted that it might be the case, for I considered both Psychology and Spiritualism very near akin, still I thought to myself that I would test the matter should opportunity offer.

Several evenings after this event, there were several persons at my house as investigators, among them was J. S. Morgan, a brick mason, and William Morgan, a printer (of no relation to each other, however), when I observed that they each had hunting cased watches, and I resolved to try an experiment; and calling them into a room, asked them if they knew the time by their watches; on replying in the negative, I told them my plan, which was to take all three watches to the medium, neither of us knowing the time, and ask the spirit controlling the hand to give the time of each watch. The medium being blindfolded we placed the three watches closed on the table near the hand, with a written request that the spirit give us the time of each watch respectively, when at once the hand proceeded in the same manner as before related, passing the watches to us with the time correctly noted as shown by each watch (all three not being precisely the same time) and no human eye in the flesh seeing the time, thus completely exploding the idea of psychology having any hand in the business.

Portland, Oct. 29th. C. A. REED.

The *Free Press* (Ottawa, Ont.) mentions Queen Victoria's determination to ask the new parliament to pay the expense attached to the bestowal of the Order of the Garter upon Prince Henry of Battenberg in the following rather republican manner: "It will be nipp and tuck whether parliament will vote the money or not; but the vote against it will be so large, and the speeches delivered so republican, that the Royal Family of England will receive an eye-opener as to the future of monarchy. If the Queen is wise, she will pay the expense of that garter out of her own private income, if Prince Henry is too poverty-stricken to pay for the honors he wears."

William Black makes about \$40,000 a year from his novels.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1885.

TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

For the purpose of placing the GOLDEN GATE upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists are organizing themselves into a Joint Stock Company, to be known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is to be invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and sell, dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent, payable in subscriptions to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent. of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent. on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent. of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe, that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

The books are now open for subscriptions to the capital stock. R. B. Hall is authorized to solicit for subscriptions. Remember, that the small subscription of \$25, or five shares, places the name of the holder on the perpetual free list.

We predict a grand future for this enterprise—one that shall redound in lasting good to humanity, and will be a source of pleasurable satisfaction to every share-holder, for time and eternity.

P. S.—The next number of the GOLDEN GATE will be issued under the auspices of the above-named company. As a removal and fitting up of the office will be necessary in the meantime, and some delay may attend the completion of the organization, it is possible that our next paper may not appear on time. Let no one be disappointed thereby. We shall hurry the matter along as rapidly as possible.

THE LESSON OF AN ILL-SPENT LIFE

"Oh, that this dagger were out of my heart!" said the dying Sharon, referring to the chiefest of his many moral misdeeds—his crowning sin against his own soul and society. What to him now but dross and rags were all his accumulated millions? What the "pomp and circumstance" of wealth, ambition, fame? All empty mockery.

And yet, in that hour of mortal agony, he held his future destiny in his hands—the power of a mighty atonement for his wrong-doing,—and then and there he suffered the golden opportunity to slip from his grasp forever.

Possessing fabulous wealth, he deeds it all, in trust, to his heirs, for their own private uses, and to fight through the courts the wifely claims of one of his many companions in shame. Not a

dollar for "sweet charity's sake"; not one for the uplifting of humanity—no noble enterprises—no schemes of reform—nothing to palliate the many evils of society, or the wrongs that abound on every hand.

Surely, he must have known, from his knowledge of undeviating law, that the hand of Death could not pluck the dagger from his heart, but that it must rankle on, and on, through vast cycles of eternity, or until, through sore trial and bitter experience, he learns wisdom, and finds the better way.

Stripped of the gloss of earth—of his worldly wealth—leaving behind him no sweet memory of golden deeds—what has this rich man to lean upon when he enters spirit life? How will he be fitted for companionship with the shining ones whose souls have been made bright in the furnace of experience, and in the exercise of the higher faculties of their nature? Is it not, indeed, pitiful that one should so overlook the means to his own truest welfare?

NOT ACCEPTED.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city, held on Friday evening last, the resignation of the President, H. C. Wilson, was received, and by a unanimous vote the Board refused to accept it, thereby expressing their entire confidence in his innocence of the charges made against him, and upon which he resigned the Principalship of the Point Lobos school.

We had hoped that we might not have occasion again to refer to this unpleasant case; but not to speak now would imply a tacit approval of the action of the Board, in a matter in which every Spiritualist cannot but be deeply interested.

Mr. Wilson's position in community and at the head of one of the largest Spiritual societies of the State made him a representative man and Spiritualist. Several weeks ago he removed his residence from a house on Devisadero street, leaving, as he says, some articles of furniture in the house, including a bed and some small articles, which he alleges he intended to dispose of.

It is charged that he was seen visiting this house repeatedly after school hours—three and four times a week—with a young girl, member of his school; that he sometimes came one way and she another, meeting him there and remaining for an hour or more at a time, and sometimes until after dark. These charges are clearly and explicitly made by two persons living in plain view of the vacant premises, who declare that they were eye-witnesses to the fact, and are prepared to affirm the same under oath. They also give the name of another party who, they assert, will confirm their statements.

Upon the occasion of Mr. Wilson's last visit to the place, two men were notified thereof; and upon their entering the house with a latch-key they found there Mr. Wilson and a young woman. The house was for rent, and Mr. Wilson claims that as he was entering to look after his property, and also to see if possibly there might not be some letters for him, as there had been on former occasions, this woman wished to examine the premises, with a view to tenancy.

This is the sum of the charges which have been publicly made, and which should be as publicly disproved, before Mr. Wilson should again preside over a society of Spiritualists.

While it is true that Mr. Wilson's past life and personal appearance are all in his favor, and while it is also true that the chief witnesses against him were known to entertain unfriendly feelings towards him; still, his resignation of the school Principalship gave a color of truth to the charges. And then the publication of the charges in all the daily papers standing unrefuted, what is the public to think?

It speaks well for Mr. Wilson that the Board should express such unlimited confidence in him. But in the face of the facts herein stated—and we have endeavored "nothing to extenuate, nor aught set down in malice"—is there not something due to Spiritualism, in view of that large public sentiment that is ever ready to misjudge our cause, that should first require and demand Mr. Wilson's vindication, before insisting that his resignation as President of the Society shall not be accepted?

There are thousands of Spiritualists on this coast who can only know of this case from the published reports that have been scattered broadcast over the land. With no attempt at vindication, or even thought of inquiring into the nature of the alleged facts, but with simply an expression of confidence in his honor by personal friends, the case goes out to the world, for Spiritualists to apologize for and condone. Who can measure the harmful consequences to Spiritualism from such a course?

If Mr. Wilson is entirely innocent of wrong—and no one worthy the name of man could desire otherwise—who will not say, that even then it were not better that he should suffer unjust suspicion, than that our holy cause should rest under the baneful imputation of condoning grave offenses against morality? Thoughtful Spiritualists will naturally ask, why this undue haste to cover up? Why not wait for a vindication through the courts, in an action for libel—the only true way to sift the matter to the bottom? Is Mr. Wilson unwilling to institute such an action? If not, he can rest assured that friends will rally around him determined to see justice done.

As much as we regret the necessity that compels us to differ with the Board of Trustees in this matter, the step is fully in accord with the hitherto plainly expressed policy of this journal, and that is, to maintain for Spiritualism the highest standard of morality.

The case of a worthy distressed Spiritualist and medium was brought before the Society of Spiritualists that meets at Metropolitan Temple, last Sunday evening, and a collection taken for her benefit, which netted the snug sum of \$51.40. There are big hearts in that Society, and generous purses, that are ever open to the appeal of the needy.

TOO SOON.

Victor Hugo was a happily and hopefully constituted man, and always to him the future was full of the fruition of past saving and noble purpose.

The "good time coming" did not look afar off, but he saw the triumph of all human struggle in the twentieth century, when he declared that "war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead; but man shall live. For all there will be but one country, that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope, that hope the whole heaven. All hail then to the noble twentieth century, which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit!"

Such is the tendency of all movement and aim of the times, but no one save an enthusiast would set that victorious era so near the present. True, revolution, when once in earnest and full operation, works with great rapidity, and does in a few months what the slow changes of time would require years to accomplish. In its wild and furious career it does not remove obstacles that impede its way, but crushes them beneath its feet. Thus, institutions and their founders and supporters are alike trampled in the dust, but may rise again.

Kingdoms and empires may be no more, and their rulers be lower than their subjects, yet there may still be slavery and bondage. The whole country may be free to all, yet no one to cultivate it. Manual toil is becoming more distasteful with each generation, and the tramp fraternity is increasing. The free country would lie idle if it could be had for the working, until a "syndicate of capitalists" should come along and swoop down upon it for purposes of speculation. Then the old cry of "monopoly!" would again sound through the land, and the old force would be reproduced.

O, there are great possibilities in the people, but they will never have issue, until each one learns and disciplines that which is his or her own. So long as men are ruled by appetite and passion they will never be rulers of anything. They may inherit the whole earth, but unless they have first been benefited by their God-given inheritance of will to overcome evil and weakness in themselves, they will still be poor, and have but the bare earth for a bed and darkness for its covering.

Royalty, war, the scaffold and dogmas may die, but unless the demon in man dies first or with them, some of them will be called to life again.

MIND POWER.

There has been a wonderful awakening among thoughtful people during the last few years, to a subject the extent and scope of which no man can measure—the curative and creative powers of the mind—of the ability of man, through the concentrated forces of the mind, not only to right the wrongs of his own nature, physical and otherwise, but also to reform many, if not all, of the evils and abuses of society.

It is claimed for this power that its potencies may be taught, and its results arrived at, with the precision of the multiplication table, or the knowledge of any other scientific fact. To this end numerous schools have been established in all the great centers of population, and thousands of devoted men and women are giving their time to this study. Graduated professors of the art, or science, or by whatever name it may be known, are to be found in all large cities, forming classes, and imparting instruction in this new branch of education.

In this city are several classes, with many deeply interested attendants. Disease is disappearing before the onward march of this new, and yet old and divine truth. The glow of health is in the cheeks of its votaries, and a new light in their eyes. They have already accomplished wonders in the way of grand victories over their own natures, and are prophesying far greater things for the future. In fact, they mark no boundary to the power of the mind, holding even that death itself may eventually be dominated thereby.

Truly, we live in a strange world. We know but little of what forces we are a part, or what faculties and powers may yet be unfolded within us.

DOES IT PAY?

At a meeting held in Chicago to raise funds for the Dearborn Park Library, the late Emery Storrs struck the key-note of the times, when to an objection by some one that he did not believe the institution would pay, Mr. Storrs suddenly exclaimed: "I want Chicago to rise to the eminence where it can do something that won't pay!"

"Will it pay?" is the one question that precedes every public or individual movement of the day; and how many times it is answered in the negative, any one may judge for himself. But one meaning is conveyed in the word "pay," for it is well known that no one asks such a question who does not hear the jingle of dollars and cents in his pockets, into which tight hands are thrust deep down out of the weather.

It is impossible for many to understand that which really pays most is not convertible into the coin of worldly traffic, but a something infinitely more precious, garnered into our daily lives by that which beautifies, does good and makes happy. We are living a double life, and, in all we do, should be mindful of both: living for time and eternity, when we shall find how much it paid here to labor part of the time for the benefit of our own and others' souls that grow by deeds of unselfishness and love.

ALWAYS THE SAME.

Prof. Thompson, in a lecture at Glasgow, stated that the magnetic pole is now near Boothia Felix, more than one thousand miles west of the geographical pole. In 1657 it was due north, having been eastward before that. Then it began to move westward until 1816, when the maximum was reached. This is now being steadily diminished, and in 1976 it will again point true

north. The changes that have been observed, not only in the direction, but in the strength, of the earth's magnetism, says the professor, show that the same causes which originally magnetized the earth are still at work. And like all other invisible causes, will continue through all time, or until the earth becomes again uninhabitable, the magnetic and electrical conditions being essential to all forms of life, as they are often equally destructive of it. In equilibrium, these fluids encircle our little planet like a medicated belt, imparting life and strength to all its creatures; but when disturbed, which we know to our sorrow, is very often, fearful outbursts of the elements carry ruin and death in their course. In the light of past and present progress of science and invention, it is not too much to predict that man will yet gain some degree of mastery over these forces that are so attractive to inquiring minds.

MUTTERING THUNDER.

It is positively affirmed, by those who are supposed to know, that secret societies are being organized in all the principal cities of this coast, for the purpose of expelling the Chinese residents—by quiet means, if possible, and by violence, if necessary. In two places they have already been compelled to vacate their homes and leave; in one of which their expulsion was attended with great loss of life. It is believed by many that in this city there are hundreds of oath-bound persons, coolly plotting for the sacking of the Chinese quarters of the city. There is rich loot there, which they covet; and under the pretext of protection and encouragement of white labor, they are patiently awaiting the signal of their leaders to pounce down on John's rich possessions.

If these prospective marauders imagine they will catch the Chinaman napping, they will reckon without their host. Most of them are armed, or have weapons in easy reach, and they will be apt to give their visitors a welcome which many of them will remember, if men remember at all after being well filled with lead.

It would hardly seem possible that any such murderous project could find a lodgment in the hearts of any one not a natural thief and robber; and yet there is evidently something of this sort in the wind. More than this, that it is a movement quite general in its character can admit of but little doubt.

If the Chinese could be reshipped whence they came, there might be some sense in their expulsion; but to drive them from the cities would be simply to scatter the sore. It would turn them adrift to prey upon the country.

The proposition ought to be clear to every one, that the Chinamen who are already here must be allowed to support themselves by their own labor, or society will be obliged to support them as criminals or paupers. Which would be the greater evil?

WIT AND MELANCHOLY.

The Atlanta *Constitution* takes a mental view of our great humorists, and finding them all dolorous and lugubrious in aspect, says they don't seem to enjoy life at all. "Why is it?" We would ask, how could they be expected to do so, by any reasonable person? They have no life to enjoy; it is all given to the world, that would die were it one day without its expected amusement. There are millions of minds fixed upon these poor witty creatures, all wondering what they will say next, what it will be about; where they will get the idea, and who or what it will refer to. Of this they become all too conscious, and in their daily endeavor to meet these demands, and sustain their reputation, life becomes a burden and a torture.

Bill Arp's melancholy face tells its own story. The disconsolate and uncomfortable look of Mr. Quad shows the state of his mind, that is not at all in harmony with those who laugh at his last funny saying. Josh Billings had the manner of a man that had just been released from the thumb-screw long enough to tell something, while "Nasby" looks dangerously mad all the time. The injured look of poor Mark Twain is familiar to all his persecutors; and all who ever saw Artemus Ward wondered what kept the tears back that ever welled up in his eyes.

The life of an ordinary newspaper individual is hard enough, with its every-day requirement for original copy, yet it is heaven compared with that of those who take upon themselves the responsibility of making the world laugh. No one sees them laugh. No, indeed! They are too much concerned about others' laughing; they are ever asking themselves how much and how long this and this will make them laugh. Professional humorists would make good hired mourners, but nothing else outside their calling.

A STUPENDOUS SARCASM.

Commend us to the Board of Education of San Jose as a set of jolly jokers. A week ago, the Principal of one of their schools appeared before them in the role of a miscreant and perjurer. He was unanimously invited to resign; and when he did so, fixing the time for his resignation to take effect at the end of the term, the Board would not listen to any delay in the matter, but hustled him out at once. At the next meeting of the Board, a few days later, a member suggested that Mr. D— would like to take with him from San Jose a recommendation of the Board as a teacher," and introduced a resolution to that effect.

The proposition was favorably received, one member after another paying a glowing tribute to the teacher's merits. The Chairman of the Board capped the climax by saying that Mr. D— "had been one of the most faithful, industrious and intelligent Principals the department had ever had, and he regretted exceedingly the circumstances which made it no longer to Mr. D—'s interest to remain in his present position!" A striking illustration of the marriage of the sublime with the ridiculous. The members of the Board are each deserving of a leather medal, and the President is entitled to a chromo in addition.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Potter Palmer is a leading man in many respects, and deserves much credit on more than one score. It was he who first employed women as hotel clerks, stewards, bookkeepers and cashiers. And now he gives the public to understand that when a person goes to his hotel and pays four dollars and fifty cents, and five dollars a day, he is entitled to the best service the house affords, without the payment of fees to servants. We predict that no one will differ with him this time, as many did when he gave employment to women.

There is an undertone of dissatisfaction running along the line of special delivery messengers. The chief complaint is that it does not pay in the smaller towns, many postmasters reporting that messengers have not earned two dollars in six days; and it is thought that the special delivery will have to be confined to free-delivery offices, where substitute carriers can be employed. The postmaster of Adrian, Michigan, in an official communication, states that it is difficult to secure special delivery messengers who are willing to fight bull-dogs until midnight for eight cents per letter.

Rumor says that Laurence Barrett will, after this season, become Edwin Booth's manager, whereas the theatrical world is surprised. That a man of so great genius could reconcile himself with such a position is strange, but may perhaps be accounted for by the fast friendship of these two noted actors. And, besides, there is a fascination behind the scenes that is not blunted by early experience, so if Mr. Barrett chooses to bid adieu to the flash of the footlights and end his career in the midst of stage machinery, he is but indulging the feeling that comes to all who lead public lives, which is, that the shams are the most real part of our existence here.

The confidence and credulity of some persons goes beyond all understanding. Mormon elders operating in Lawrence county, Ill., induced thirteen persons to leave Dennison township for Salt Lake; then to defray the expenses of the transfer, laid hold on a well-to-do widow, and readily persuaded her to sell her farm, when she cheerfully handed over the proceeds and joined the emigrants. If this same widow does not come to her senses, she may be happy; but it is more than likely she will have cause to wish she had never seen a Mormon elder, and that Providence had not blessed her with the comforts of life, by which to measure the hardships she has taken upon herself.

Many Liberalists and Spiritualists are

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

There is a man in Boston who is six feet four inches in height and weighs but forty pounds.

It is stated that Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express intend shortly to establish a money system on the plan of the postoffice, but with lower rates.

Archdeacon Farrar recently put himself on record as favoring the higher education of women. He says it has made great strides in England in the last ten years.

It is said that many of the clergymen of the Episcopal Church in England are on the verge of starvation. Some of them receive less than \$500 a year. Relief measures are proposed.

At Boston, on Monday, Judge Allen in the superior court granted a divorce to Fred. J. Taber from his wife Annie J., on the grounds of adultery with the pastor, Rev. Mr. Downes of the Baptist church.

The United States marshal and his deputy have arrested several persons at Tacoma for intimidating the Chinese. Among those arrested are the mayor, a judge and several other prominent citizens of that place.

At Edinburg Monday evening, Gladstone spoke on the Irish question and advocated that concessions be granted to Ireland. He said: "I am confident that England will never repeat giving perfect equality to Ireland."

The Norwegians are so honest that even an umbrella left out of doors is perfectly safe. A lady left a fur-lined silk cloak hanging on a tree, the day being very warm, and found it undisturbed on returning several hours later.

The statement of land sales of the Union Pacific railway for October shows gross sales of 178,315 acres; gross proceeds, \$558,752, which, compared with October of last year, is a decrease of 20,163 acres and an increase of \$78,751 in proceeds.

The commissioner of the general land office has refused to approve the lists of lands selected by the Northern Pacific railroad company, including 58,000 acres in Washington territory, embraced within the forfeited grant of the Oregon Central railroad company.

In anticipation of the recurrence of troubles on the Isthmus of Panama, which usually occur about this season of the year, secretary Whitney has ordered several ships to proceed to Aspinwall, and cruise along the South and Central American coast, for a few weeks and then return to Tampa, Florida.

Cycling is giving to the present generation of England a remarkable knowledge of their own country, which railroads were causing them to lose, and has infused fresh life into many once famous inns on the old post roads. The most popular cycling ground is the great Bath road, and men frequently go 150 miles and back.

The Parsee mode of disposing of the dead is very curious. Immediately after death the body is carried by white-robed priests to the Towers of Silence, lofty circular buildings, haunted by birds of prey, waiting to devour the corpse. Before taking final leave a dog is brought and made to gaze into the eyes of the dead, to extract the sins of the departed.

An English scientist asserts that shell mounds, the origin of which has given rise to no end of dispute, are simply the eating grounds of codfish and lobsters. He says he has seen a codfish take an oyster in its mouth, crack it and eat the meat. The lobster will crack an oyster or put a stone between the shells when partly open and scoop out the meat. In this way shell mounds are formed.

In New York there is upward of ninety thousand Jews, who are eminently active and useful members of the community. Although nearly nine per cent. of the population, they contribute less than one per cent. to the criminal class. They have twenty-six synagogues, between forty and fifty small meeting houses, and eighteen charitable societies.

A bride at Youngstown, O., was the recipient of a rare and peculiar jewel, which mysteriously disappeared from its case and was supposed to have been stolen by one of the guests. A few nights later one of the bride's friends dreamed of seeing the gem under the smilax decorations of the bridal arch, and upon going to the house discovered the jewel in precisely the spot seen in the vision.

A Leipsic workingman writes to a German paper that he was employed in a factory there from 1872 to 1877; that from 1873 to 1875 wages were comparatively high and very little whisky was used, but they drank beer, as usual. In 1876 wages had fallen one-half, and more whisky was consumed in a month than there had been during the whole year of 1873. We commend this item to the attention of the GOLDEN GATE.—*Western Watchman.*

Why particularly to our attention? We are not in favor of whisky-drinking. Why should the laboring man consume more at low wages than when wages are good? With less money to invest in the "beverage of hell," one would naturally suppose he would consume less. It is hard to tell, truly, what Br. Cridge is drawing at. We may be pardoned the grave suspicion that he is working for very low wages, and has been demonstrating his theory in his own experience!

Magnetic Sympathy.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Having noticed in the columns of your late number an article entitled "Watch Makers Discovery," I am glad to find our friends willing to give us the benefit of wonderful discoveries, and would say, I have many times noticed my watch, when feeling buoyant, to gain fifteen minutes during one-half day; the contrary, losing when depressed in spirit. At another time, that of taking another's watch to get repaired, which was running fast or slow at times, found on carrying the watch myself, to run in perfect order without taking to watch maker. It may be noticed by a strong magnetic person, that, during a state of extreme anxiety, the timepiece, if carried on the person, will lose fifteen to twenty minutes during the time of mental and physical strain.

MRS. S. SEIP.

Since 1859 the number of lightning strokes in Saxony has been found to increase regularly, the annual number rising in 23 years from 67 to 189. This alarming increase is thought to be largely due to the destruction of the forests.

A SEANCE WITH MR. EGLINTON—"MATTER THROUGH MATTER."

[Fred. Collingwood, F. G. S. in London Light.]

On the 7th instant, I paid a visit with my wife and two nieces, Misses Mary and Lizzie Johnson, to Mr. Eglinton, at his residence, 11 Langham street, Portland place, for experiments in psychography; and as I met with much success and obtained some evidence beyond the immediate object of my visit well worth recording, submit the following brief account for publication in *Light*.

I may premise that the conduct of Mr. Eglinton's seances is so well known to your readers that I forbear to enter into familiar details, such as position at the table, the holding of the slate, etc., especially as they have been so well set forth by Mr. Rolph in the current number.

After several questions had been asked and replied to very pertinently in each case, I wrote, as hitherto, on one of my own new slates, the following question: "Is it right for Lizzie to sit for physical manifestations?"—wrote it away from the table so that nobody should know. The slate being held as usual, we heard the writing and received this reply: "Yes, it is quite right for her to sit for physical manifestations, Mr. Collingwood."

Mrs. Collingwood then wrote (also out of our sight) on Mr. Eglinton's double Bramah lock slate; and after a bit of pencil had been dropped in, locked it, placed the key upon the table in sight of us all, and handed the slate to Mr. Eglinton, who with Mary held it upon the table. No reply was immediately obtained, and the slate was left upon the table.

I then produced my own book-slate, already tied with string, and with a bit of pencil inside, and it was held by Mr. Eglinton under the table. The string was removed from it while so held, Mr. Eglinton's left hand being grasped by that of Mary, and this sentence was written:

"I shall take charge of Mary." "JOEY."

No question was asked.

Here we made an experiment with the intention, if possible, more completely to exclude the "thought-reading" element. I went to the bookcase, placed my back against it, and took a book at random. Mary wrote on a slate the number of a supposed page known only to herself, while Lizzie wrote the number of a line on the unknown page. The book was put by me on the slate containing the numbers, strict care being taken that it was not seen by anybody, and held under the table by both Mr. Eglinton and Mary, a request being made that the line indicated by the number might be quoted. The following was written:

"There is no such page as 59 in the book." On opening the book it was found that the pagination began at 65. The number chosen had been 59, and the forms of the figures were exactly imitated—a manifestly conclusive answer!

Mr. Eglinton, embodying an expressed wish of mine, asked whether "Ernest" would give us any hints as to the further development of "power" in my nieces. The following answer was given.

"You may rest assured that we shall do all we can to aid the development of your niece, and that you will soon observe how we have been able to do this. There are not signs wanting that she will make a capital instrument for us to work through, but she will need careful development and in this you must trust us to use our judgment. Try and feel in regard to yourselves that we will help you in all our power, as also to a further elucidation of the truth which we propagate. And now God bless you."

The above message was written within two slates held by Mr. Eglinton on the shoulder of Mary, her hand also grasping the slate and one of his two hands that held it. The writing was very distinctly heard by all present in this experiment, as in the others.

I asked, "Which niece is meant?" The reply was written in two different hands: "Mary I look after." "JOEY."

"Ernest means Lizzie."

It was remarked while the writing was being done that a pause occurred in the middle of the message. And now the locked slate, having remained untouched in the meantime, was again taken up from the table by Mr. Eglinton, and held by him and Mary upon it. Writing was heard by us, and on the slate being opened by Mrs. Collingwood, a pertinent answer to her written question was found, and we saw lying inside the slate the piece of string that had been removed from my book-slate.

Finally, I asked whether my presence en seance was in any way a hindrance. The reply, written in my book-slate was— "No, good-bye."

While these experiments were going on, I had in my mind the grave aspersions which appear in *Truth* of January 1st. It is there stated that "Mr. Eglinton, like all Spiritualist humbugs, is not prepared to perform his feats under conditions which render jugglery impossible. The stock-in-trade of all Spiritualists consists in evading such inquiry." And the writer further remarks: "I wonder that a few people of sense do not go to Eglinton and expose him. Probably he changes the slates when there is a long message, and

writes the message with a piece of slate pencil on his nail when there is a short one. To do the former is not difficult; a common slate can be taken out of its frame and another substituted in about one minute."

I ask that a careful comparison be made between the actual conditions as described in my account of my seance and the supposed methods of a totally ignorant and clumsy imitator of the real thing as expounded in the above quotation. Considerations of space forbidding me to enlarge, I can only hope that it will be patent to all who read this, how vast is the difference.

Our sitting extended over an hour with scarcely an interruption in the phenomena, the chief of which I have here faithfully recorded. The interest in such results is great to most of us; the facts to some of us are enormous in their importance; and the advantage which undeveloped psychics may receive through contact with Mr. Eglinton will, in my opinion, be precious to them if they go to him with earnest, careful, diligent patient search after truth, and reasonably accept in this matter as in others of high concern, the teachings of nature.

SPIRITUAL LECTURE

[The following very interesting abstract of Mr. Fletcher's lectures in Providence, R. I., we find in the *Evening Telegram* of that city.]

"J. W. Fletcher delivered two discourses in Blackstone Hall yesterday, before large audiences. After devotional exercises and very fine musical selections ably rendered by the choir, Mr. Fletcher rose and said: 'I am requested to relate how I became a medium, and I only do so that my experience and efforts may, perhaps, serve as a help and guide to others. Mediums, like artists, are not *made*, they are born, and education, instead of generating anything new, only serves to bring forth the powers already sleeping in the soul; and when any man feels the awakening in any direction, it is his duty to accept its mandate and to follow wheresoever it may lead. I was seventeen years old when I first attended a seance, and was told that I was possessed of mediumistic power, although all my life I had pictured myself as standing before a crowd of people. Without effort, without study, I began to have spiritual visitations, and seemed able, while under their influence, to converse freely upon all subjects, some of which, in my normal state, were wholly unfamiliar to me. Here the speaker recounted many simple, yet wonderfully interesting incidents of his early career and of his first public efforts. He then went to Europe by spirit direction and began a work there. Of English Spiritualism, he said, there is very little opportunity for investigation over the other side of the water, for the laws are such today that any person possessed of occult power can be prosecuted and imprisoned, consequently mediums are very chary of making their powers known, for none other than Dr. Forbes said that hearing sounds and seeing sights was in every instance a sign of insanity. As the old witchcraft laws are still upon the statute books, bigotry and prejudice have their defense. Yet the societies for research into the realms of the unknown are numerous, and among the best people. The body politic, however, has little outward recognition, for some of its noblest advocates, as in this country, hold themselves aloof from the cause they should try to uplift."

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writes the message with a piece of slate pencil on his nail when there is a short one. To do the former is not difficult; a common slate can be taken out of its frame and another substituted in about one minute."

After the lecture a test seance was held, wherein many loved ones breathed forth messages of love, words of advice and directions, giving at the same time many absolute tests of their presence. This is Mr. Fletcher's last appearance for a long time, as he goes West, bearing with him the best wishes of earnest hearts, who have been comforted by his inspired words, and greatly helped in the way of life.

SPIRIT PREDICTION VERIFIED.

[W. H. Chaney, of Portland, Oregon, in *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

The readers of the *Journal* are aware that I am a very poor believer, especially in spirit prediction; therefore my testimony in the present case must be of as much value, at least, as that of the credulous who never pause to consider the why, or trace the relation between cause and effect.

For nearly half a century I have been investigating the occult in nature, and as a result, am firmly convinced that there is scarcely an exception to the rule that indications are given in advance of the occurrence of the event. Clouds of different kinds denote a shower, a storm, a tornado, etc. In like manner nature gives notice in all directions, but because man has not learned to read these indications he is disposed to dogmatize and deny, basing his judgment upon what he does not know.

Augusta Hoff, of this city, has been a client of mine for nearly a year, and of my law partner, P. O. Chilstrom, for more than a year. She has long been an earnest Spiritualist. Two weeks ago a medium said to her:

"You are going to have some trouble and will lose your life."

Mrs. Hoff laughed at the prediction. She was a native of Norway and was preparing to return to her own country. A week ago she saw the medium again and informed her of her intentions. The medium replied:

"You will never go; mind me, you won't."

Mrs. Hoff kept the Capital Lodging House, corner of C. and First streets, this city. On the morning of September 28th her house was discovered to be on fire. She was rescued after being severely, but not dangerously burned. She was naturally very nervous and excitable. The fright and exposure brought on acute congestion of the lungs, attended by a failure of the heart to perform its functions, and she lived but fifteen hours after the accident. The *Portland Daily News* of this morning publishes the foregoing prediction with the comment. "The prediction was fulfilled." The editors are not Spiritualists.

The reader will naturally desire to ask: "On what philosophical basis do you account for the ability of the medium to make this prediction?" I answer that I can account for it on two rational hypotheses.

I have found that the positions and configurations of the heavenly bodies indicate all the important events of mortal life, if properly understood. There are thousands of scientists on the other side who studied these indications, and could calculate planetary directions while in the form, and I hold that they can do the same now, only far better. I naturally attract these spirits, being in constant practice of the science. This leads to their acquaintance with my friends, and when my friends visit a medium, they often control and make astrological predictions. In the case of Mrs. Hoff there was evidently an evil direction of Mars (a fiery planet) which the spirit saw would prove fatal. I have had many such tests.

Spirits have a range of vision far wider than that of mortals. They perceive causes which mortals cannot, and are thus enabled to foretell events in a most natural way, although the ignorant deem it supernatural. To illustrate. All are born with a germ that will in time develop and terminate life. There may not be the least development until the man is past sixty. Hence, there being no symptoms, no physician could possibly prognosticate the fatal disease. Suppose the disease is to have its seat in the kidneys; the clairvoyant might perceive the germ, and the astrologer might know its location, especially if he found Saturn in the sign Libra, but a spirit, without any knowledge of planetary indications would clearly perceive the germ that must eventually terminate life. In a similar manner the spirit can perceive causes that are hidden from mortals which must, by common course of nature, produce certain events. But I wish to be clearly understood as protesting against the popular idea that the planets cause events, for they merely indicate, like the hands of a watch.

THE BURIAL OF MRS. HOFF.

I have just returned from attending the funeral. Mr. Bradley, a trance speaker, addressed the friends. I read the poem, "What the Dead Said," and briefly explained the philosophy which Spiritualists

have adopted in the place of religion; that we denied the vicarious atonement and held that sin is punished; that faith and belief avail nothing; that salvation depends alone upon good works, and that in proportion to our good deeds in this life shall we take a high position when born into spirit-life.

THE MAGIC SHAWL.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:—I had just finished reading this evening Flora Haynes Apponyi's description of the traits and lonely character of the late Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, when a friend called to take me to a Salvation Army meeting, for a rarity, (after giving two lectures myself in one of the halls in this city). We started and met outside my door a fine looking lady, suffering from pneumonia. I said to my escort, "Please excuse me; I can do this lady more good than the Salvation Army can me, for while they will tell us to love Jesus, I will try to be like him and lay my hands upon the sick, that they may recover."

With hot compresses upon her head, throat and lungs, she could breathe more easily; I ventured to get my soft woolen shawl to put around her, when she said, "No, please hand my shawl; this was a gift to me from the late Helen Hunt Jackson, for whom I named my baby. I call it my magic shawl, for when my baby worries I wrap it in this shawl and it is soon quiet and sleeping peacefully. Oh, she was so kind and so good," she said. As I continued the passes, she became quite unconscious, and then our patient made a beautiful, though short, prayer for blessings to rest upon those who were blessing others, and then sung a sweet tune and informed me that all she had in the world for her support was her voice;

CAPTAIN JONES' GHOST.

[Cleveland Leader.]

"Talking about ghosts," said old Captain Jones last evening, as he cast a wary eye over the dark and stormy bosom of Lake Erie, while making a header against the storm down Bank Street, "I hain't exactly superstitious, you know, but the dismal roar of that treacherous water and the sullen gloom of those storm clouds hanging over it remind me of a similar night long since past, when I was knocking about in an old-fashion schooner on Lake Ontario. You see I have been a sailor man pretty much all my life," said he, as he tenderly shifted a very large chew of navy plug into the other cheek, "and I have had some mighty tough times of it, you may calculate. Well, as I was going to say :

"One Fall I shipped on board an old schooner from a port on Lake Ontario. We were engaged in the lumber trade. I had heard from some of the older sailors about the port, that the vessel was haunted but I was young, and not being a believer in ghosts, paid but little attention to the rumor. We made two or three trips, and everything went smoothly; but one afternoon, while pounding down the north shore of the lake, we detected signs of a storm coming from the nor'west. We made all preparation for a night of it, and if ever a crew underwent a tough one we did. The wind rose as the night came on, and the old lake was lashed into a perfect fury, while the darkness was fairly suffocating in its intensity. Of course all hands were on deck, and each man had plenty to do. Suddenly the man at the wheel started from his post, and with a wild and terrified exclamation said: 'Look up there!' All eyes were instantly turned aloft, and the sight which met my gaze was seared and burnt into my memory for all time. Standing erect in the cross-tree of the old hulk was one of the most frightful apparitions ever seen by mortal. It was the figure of a man posing as silently as the rock of Gibraltar. A dim, unearthly light surrounded the motionless form and shed a pallor of death over it. Its right arm was raised and the fingers pointed steadily into the very teeth of the storm. The face was white as marble, and a look of half terror, half madness, gave it an expression of indescribable horror. Its hair was long and white, and the furious winds that shrieked through the rigging tossed it in confusion around the head and shoulders. We were fairly benumbed with fright as you can imagine, and every man aboard the vessel stood, looking spell-bound at the awful visitor. I can't say how long it remained there, but after what seemed an age, the light surrounding it grew fainter, and finally the ghastly specter melted into storm and clouds, and was lost to sight. After the first sense of terror had left us, a grizzled old sailor remarked to me that the ship was doomed as sure as fate, and he was right, for we went ashore that night, and all but two of us were swallowed up in the frenzied lake. The schooner was battered all to pieces, and with her cargo proved a total wreck."

"I learned afterwards that a sailor had lost his life by falling overboard from the vessel some years previous to her destruction.

"Do I think it was his ghost? Well, if it wasn't no man ever saw one."

Professor Hartman vs. Spiritualism.

[Social Drift.]

We have read with great interest, and we trust with profit, Prof. Eduard von Hartman's argument against the spiritual character of the phenomena accepted as proof of spirit presence and identity by believers in Spiritualism. Few, if any, we think, will find fault with the manner in which he presents his arguments. There is a fairness about it, throughout, which is generally as noticeably absent from the arguments of philosophers of his school when treating upon this subject. He presents good reasons for believing that much of the phenomena accepted as spirit manifestations are of a purely psychic character, but admits that he has no experimental knowledge of many of the most important phases, and therefore applies his scientific reasoning to common report or hearsay when dealing with those phases accepted as being of spiritual origin: in fact some of his reasoning we think will tend to strengthen the belief of those who have experimental knowledge of some of the most important phases of occult phenomena. When from a pantheistic stand-point the learned professor says: "The spirit of a deceased person has no brain whose vibrations could induce similar vibrations in a human brain in proximity," he reminds us of Col. Ingersol saying that he does not know, but that he does know that others do not know. Since the Professor tacitly admits the existence of spirits; and states that they have no brains that can give out or take in brain waves, we regret that he did not go a little further and tell us what spirits do have and what they do their thinking with or through. On the whole, we think his argument the strongest and fairest we have seen made against the spiritual character of what are termed psychical phenomena, and the effect we think will be to strengthen the doubts of doubters who have not investi-

gated and to strengthen the belief of those who have investigated, and accepted the results of said investigations made under strictly test conditions.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The following proclamation has been issued by the President of the United States:

The American people have always abundant cause to be thankful to Almighty God, whose watchful care and guiding hand have been manifested in every stage of their national life, guarding and protecting them in time of peril and safely leading them in the hour of darkness and danger. It is fitting and proper that the nation thus favored should, one day in every year, for that purpose especially appointed, publicly acknowledge the goodness of God and return thanks to Him for all His gracious gifts.

Therefore, I Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 26th of November, instant, as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, and do invoke the observance of the same by all the people of the land. On that day let all secular business be suspended, and let the people assemble in their usual places of worship and with prayer and songs of praise devoutly testify their gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for all that he has done for us in the year that has passed; for our preservation as a united nation; for our deliverance from the shock and danger of political convulsion; for the blessings of peace, and for our safety and quiet while wars and rumors of wars have agitated and afflicted other nations of the earth; for our security against the scourge of pestilence, which in other lands has claimed its dead by thousands and filled the streets with mourners; for the plenteous crops which reward the labor of the husbandman and increase our nation's wealth; and for the contentment throughout our borders which has fallen into the train of prosperity and abundance. And let there also be on the day thus set apart a reunion of families, sanctified and chastened by tender memories and associations, and let the social intercourse of friends, with pleasant reminiscences, renew the ties of affection and strengthen the bonds of kindly feeling.

And let us by no means forget, while we give thanks and enjoy the comforts which have crowned our lives, that truly grateful hearts are inclined to deeds of charity, and that kind and thoughtful remembrance of the poor will double the pleasure of our condition, and render our praise and thanksgiving more acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

Done at the City of Washington, this the second day of November, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and tenth.

GROVER CLEVELAND.
By the President:
T. F. BAYARD, Sec'y of State.

What a Baby Can Do.

It can wear out a \$1 pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the newspapers for a nurse.

It can occupy both sides of the largest-sized bed manufactured, simultaneously.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second-class boarding house keeper in the city who "never take children," which, in nine cases out of ten, is very fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just when mamma wants to show "what a pretty baby she has."

It can make an old bachelor in the room adjoining, use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him into the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the farthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the hall adjoining quicker than its mother can just step into the closet and out again.

It can go to sleep "like a little angel," and just as mamma and papa are starting for the theater it can wake up and stay awake till the last act.

These are some of the things a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest house the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can flatten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it as a picture before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby.

Every spiritual movement on the earth is a movement in the heavens also. The same voice of God that speaks *advance* to the children in the flesh, speak the same order to those in the spirit world. Angels or men when they stand still, stagnate, but when they feel and obey the onward impulse of the Lord within them, they march on to higher elevations, and so their lives are refreshed by the pure waters and the purer air of the mountains.

The highest angel is only a refined medium for the transmission of truth, from yet higher heights of the spirit to the planes of life below.

Teacher—"What is velocity?" Pupil—"Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with."—*Lowell New Moon.*

WOMAN'S PLACE.

[Oakland Evening Express.]

After all that has been said and done, many contrive to have a confused idea of woman's legitimate place in the great world of endeavor. We may get at the foundation principle of the whole question if we go back to nature and study the laws by which she distributes everything to its place. We find that every tree, plant, flower and animal has its habitat, its place or kingdom on the map of the world. But the law is not exclusive or despotic. Nature says to every plant and flower, "I plant you in a goodly spot where you can grow and come to perfection, but you are at liberty to emigrate where you please." If an Australian gum tree can grow in California, she says, "Let it grow." If the mountain pine or cedar can manage to live on the plain, she says, "Give it a chance." And in like manner, nature points to men and women a special place in the world's work, and points out clearly and unmistakably the outer world of rough toil as man's; the home-side of life as woman's. And this law is so fixed in its operation, that if a community could be started to-morrow, entirely free of all the trammels, traditions and customs of the past, and under the guidance of the Woman's Association, it would make it impossible for woman, as a class, to leave home, as home has to be left by man in carrying on the affairs of life. There is a difference, whether we can define it minutely or not, in the words "manliness" and "womanliness," that cannot be effaced.

But nature is not rigid and inflexible in her methods. It is a man who tries to parcel out this human life as he plants geraniums and strawberries in beds, so many feet long and so many feet wide. Now, it often happens that a woman is endowed with intellectual and aesthetic powers which find no adequate field of expansion in the duties of home. Nature says, "I lay no impassable barrier around your home. I lay no embargo on your thoughts. If you think you can paint a picture, paint it. If you think you can write a poem, write it. If you think you can travel through the realms of science, the road is free, and if man places a toll-gate on it, I will see that it is abated as a nuisance.

Many women have no homes, and many never expect to have, and many that have are strong, self-reliant, and grow tired and disgusted, depending on fathers, brothers or husbands. Many want to feel independent of the marriage relation, able to take care of themselves, and still be useful and happy women. Many are driven by sheer want and poverty to seek a living with their own hands and heads, as the men do. Nature says, "Give them a chance; let them have fair play; let all occupations be free. It is one of the healthiest signs of the times that the feeling is steadily growing in favor of women being taught some useful and profitable employment, so as to be fully equipped for every emergency. There is no more sorry sight in this great, earnest, working world, than to see girls sitting week in and week out, working on some fancy trifles, or thumping the piano, and waiting for the coming man. The coming man is a great deal more likely to come if he is not waited for; and if he is of any account, is a great deal more likely to stay when he does come, if he finds anything useful going on.

Rev. Father James McCaffrey, of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, St. Louis, recently announced from the pulpit that the Catholic children of the parish—one of the most wealthy and influential in the city—who attend the public schools, would be barred from the celebration of the Holy Communion. The announcement, says the New York Tribune, "split the congregation in twain." Father Joice, a leading priest was interviewed, and said: "We are all doing what we can to prevent our children from going to the public schools. This evil, you understand, is great. The evil is not confined to St. Louis. It is in Chicago, in New York, in Brooklyn—in almost every large city of the country. The Catholic clergy must do everything they can to overcome it. We must educate our own children. They are educated in the public schools merely as an animal would be educated. Their souls are not attended to. They are taught so much arithmetic, so much geography, so much grammar, and so much history, but never a word about their souls, about God, or about the life after this. There are many of our children taken from the public schools who do not know how many persons there are in God. Now, we have built schools, and procured teachers of our own, in order that we may save the souls of these children; for it is when the child is young that the man must be taught."

When little Minnie was three years old, she asked for some water one night. When it was brought she said, "Papa, can't you get me some fresh water? This is a little withered."—Ex.

"Oh, Aunt," cried little Amy in the nursery, the other day, "make Freddy behave himself; every time I happen to hit him on the head with a mallet he bursts out crying."—Ex.

THE TREE PUZZLE.

The "tree puzzle" that follows is one of the most ingenious trifles of the kind now current:

1. What's the social tree,
2. And the dancing tree,
3. And the tree that is nearest the sea?
4. The dandiest tree,
5. And the kissable tree,
6. And the tree where ships may be?
7. What's the tell-tale tree,
8. And the traitor's tree,
9. And the tree that's the warmest clad?
10. The languishing tree,
11. The chronologist's tree,
12. And the tree that makes one sad?
13. What's the emulous tree,
14. The industrious tree,
15. And the tree that will never stand still?
16. The unhealthiest tree,
17. The Egyptian-plague tree,
18. And the tree neither up nor down hill?
19. The contemptible tree,
20. The most yielding tree?
21. And the tree that bears a curse?
22. The reddish brown tree,
23. The reddish blue tree,
24. And the tree like an Irish nurse?
25. What is the tree
That makes each townsmen flee?
26. And what round itself doth entwine?
27. What's the housewife's tree?
28. And the fisherman's tree?
29. What by cockneys is turned into wine?
30. What's the tree that got up,
31. And the tree that was lazy,
32. And the tree that guides ships to go forth?
33. The tree that's immortal,
34. The trees that are not,
35. And the tree whose wood faces the north?
36. The tree in a bottle,
37. The tree in a fog,
38. And what each must become ere he's old?
39. The tree of the people,
40. The traveler's tree,
41. And the sad tree when schoolmasters hold?
42. What's the tree that has passed through the fiery heat,
43. That half-given to doctors when ill?
44. The tree that we offer to friends when we meet,
45. And the tree we may use as a quill?
46. What's the tree that in death will benign you?
47. And the tree that your wants will supply?
48. And the tree that to travel invites you,
49. And the tree that forbids you to die?

ANSWERS.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. { Pear.
Tea. | 25. Citron.
Woodbine. |
| 2. Hop. | 27. Broom. |
| 3. Beach. | 28. Basswood. |
| 4. Spruce. | 29. Vine. |
| 5. { Yew.
Tulip. | 30. Rose. |
| 6. Bay. | 31. { Satinwood.
Aloe. |
| 7. Peach. | 32. (H)eelm. |
| 8. Judas. | 33. Arbor-vita. |
| 9. Fir. | 34. Dyewood. |
| 10. Pine. | 35. Southernwood. |
| 11. Date. | 36. Cork. |
| 12. Weeping-Willow. | 37. { Smoke-tree.
Hazel. |
| 13. Ivy. | 38. Elder. |
| 14. Spindle-tree. | 39. Poplar. |
| 15. Caper. | 40. Wayfaring tree. |
| 16. Sycamore. | 41. Birch. |
| 17. Locust. | 42. Ash. |
| 18. Plane. | 43. Coffee. |
| 19. Medlar. | 44. Palm. |
| 20. { India-rubber.
Sago palm. | 45. Aspen. |
| 21. { Fig.
Damson. | 46. Deadly nightshade. |
| 22. Chestnut. | 47. Breadfruit. |
| 23. Lilac. | 48. Orange. |
| 24. Honeysuckle. | 49. Olive. |

—Philadelphia Times.

THE DANGER OF CONTAGION IN THROAT TROUBLES.—The medical editor of *Babyhood* writes: A recent case within our knowledge, in which fatal diphtheria developed upon what had been believed to be a simple quinsy, suggests a few words regarding the duty of isolating any case of sore throat where there are other children in the house. Without entering upon any disputed points regarding diphtheria, it is generally agreed that the distinctive visible sign of it is its peculiar membranous deposit. A case may present clearly the conditions of a "common sore throat," and subsequently diphtheria be unmistakably present. For our purpose it is unnecessary to discuss whether such cases are diphtheritic from the first or become so. The point for parents to know is that the sequence of dangerous symptoms upon those apparently slight is not uncommon, and that it is better for them to isolate a child fifty times necessarily than to be neglectful once.

We would urge, then, that, if at all possible, every child suffering from sore throat be isolated until it is distinctly convalescent. Physicians are often embarrassed in urging the isolation of patients, by the timidity or suspiciousness of parents. If in such a case as has been described the physician recommends the precaution of isolation, the family, if of the timid type, is at once thrown into a panic, assuming that the physician really considers that the case is diphtheria or that he expects it will prove to be, and that he is concealing the facts, while really he is only taking proper sanitary precautions.

Other persons, on the other hand, immediately interpret the physician's frank statement of his reasons for isolating a supposed simple case as an evidence of want of knowledge on his part. They apparently think that to the properly educated physician diseases are as distinct and as easily discriminated as coins of different denominations. With such people the only course is to strongly advise isolation and to give the reason for it, and to let them take the responsibility of neglecting the suggestion if they choose to do so. Intelligent people usually are grateful for the warning, even if it prove to have been unnecessary, and although they sometimes chaff the physician as "fussy."

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but your ma did!" was the prompt reply.—Ex.

A SICK CANARY.

Man is, indeed, a selfish creature. He invents all kinds of appliances and mediums for the care and relief of his kind, but he neglects his pets. Seldom, indeed, does he give a thought to the canary that entertains him morning after morning with its sweet song. If it takes sick, he is sorry; that is all. He does not rush after a doctor or a nurse, or another bird versed in the medical science of "birdology"; he lets the poor bird die, and then throws it out of the window—unless there is some tender-hearted girl to give it a Christian burial.

Mrs. Watson, now living in Alameda, possesses a beautiful canary that has been a bad sufferer from catarrh. The little fellow was a most cheerful singer. His happy, joyous song was the delight of all. A sad strain was never known to issue from his delicate throat. He sang in all seasons and weather such a song as this:

"Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Seeds—to-eat!
Swee-eel?
Just—hear—me—trill like a rill, rill, rill, rill!
Sweet, sweet, sweet!"

One day his tune changed; his song was sad; the music of his voice was like a funeral. The tune grew sadder and sadder, until it died away into a moan. The lady was telling the sad and touching story of her pet to Mr. Tucker, the manager of the Magnetic Shield Co., when, with his well-known kindness of heart he suggested that she place a magnetized cloth upon his perch, and perhaps it would cure her canary's catarrh. The lady did so. The sick canary picked at the magnet at first, then quietly placed his drooping head upon it and went to sleep. When he awoke, there was a thankful, peaceful look in his eyes. Night after night he perched upon the magnet, and in the daytime would tenderly rub his head against it. One bright morning Mrs. Watson was surprised to hear the cheerful, happy song of her pet canary. She hurried to the cage and found her pet the same bright little fellow that he was before he was taken sick with the catarrh. The magnet had cured him.—*The Golden Era.*

THE DAWN OF MAGNETISM.

We believe that the Magnetic Shield Company has discovered the true directive power of the loadstone. It has been our pleasure to examine, and become more conversant than, perhaps, any one else, except the manager himself, with the remarkable cures accomplished by magnetic appliances. One day while in the office a letter was shown us from a lady in Los Angeles county, who had recovered the power to walk by the use of magnetic garments, and she told how she walked from house to house in the village, telling of her wonderful cure. It is needless to say that Magnetic Shields became popular in that village.

Another man came into the office, crippled and stiff, with rheumatism. Appliances in local application were placed upon him, strongly magnetized. In ten minutes the man rose from his chair, and was greatly astonished to find the stiffness removed.

We know not only of one, but of hundreds of cases where relief has been had, and permanent cures effected. It has been an interesting study to listen to the testimony, read the letters, and hear those cured praise the Magnetic Shield Co.

Of course, the praise

ODDS AND ENDS.

The tip for an Irish waiter—Tipperary. The Afghans, it is said, eat onions as we eat apples. Great heavens! Just think of onion pie and cheese!—*Lowell Citizen*. Chicago grapes are selling for a cent a pound on the Pacific Coast. Must be pretty slim fun stealing fruit out there.—*Burlington Free Press*.

Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker must be familiar with the Kali language we calculate, as in that vernacular the word *sufji*, meaning pantaloons, is feminine.

With money, come poor relations; with property, taxes; with the winter, pneumonia, and with the summer, cholera and base ball.—*Peoria Journal*.

When traveling through life we invariably pass the best shade-trees early in the day. When we need them, at the noon and evening of our existence, the sun comes down and peels our back.—*San Angelo Standard*.

Tennyson's latest poem is entitled, "Close of Another Eve." How the world does improve! The first Eve had no clothes at all, if the photographs we have seen of the lady are to be relied upon.—*Boston Transcript*.

This is a rather queer item to be found in a ladies' magazine. "When you meet a man who cordially takes you by both hands it is natural (remembering that your trowsers-pockets open backward) to look over your shoulder for his accomplice."

Not Popular: Unbitten bites, unthunked thoughts, unkicked kicks, unkissed kisses, unstoled steals, undressed dresses, unsmiled "smiles," undone duns, undrunk drinks, undrunk drunks, unsneezed sneezes, unbold lies, unmashed maskers.—*Whitehall Times*.

In the midst of a warm harangue on labor and capital, a Lynn agitator was heard to exclaim: "Just read the story of Lazarus and the rich man, and you will see what came to the man who tore down his barns and built greater."—*Lynn Saturday Union*.

A clothing clerk, who was paying strict attention to a banker's daughter on Fifth avenue, was asked by a companion: "How does the old man strike you for a father-in-law?"

"He hasn't struck me yet, he only kicked me out last Sunday night," was the sad reply.—*Saturday Gossip*.

Postmaster—"So you want a place in the fast delivery department?" Applicant—"Yes, sir. My delivery was always pronounced not only fast, but remarkably effective." "We want an effective delivery of course. Where did you get your delivery?" "In the box." "The box!" (with a dazed air.) "Yes, I pitched two years for the Red Stockings."—*Philadelphia Call*.

Carrie and May were having a splendid time picking the absent Matilda to pieces. Said May, after a momentary pause in their conversation, "How happy I should be if I knew that somebody was having as good a time talking about us as we are having talking about Tilly! There is nothing selfish about me, Carrie; I like to have others enjoy themselves."—*Boston Transcript*.

Edith—"You were not at Grosvenor's last Tuesday, Lillie. So sorry! We had a splendid time." Lillie (languidly)—"Same old thing, I suppose?" "No, indeed. We played progressive croquet and—" "Progressive croquet? Good gracious, what new game is that?" "Well, it is played precisely the same as the old game, only there is no fighting permitted."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"So your husband was killed in Switzerland?" remarked Miss de Silva. "Yes," replied the young widow, "we were on our wedding trip. Charley and I started out one morning, and he became dizzy while we were going up Mount Blanc." "Did he fall off dear old Mount Blanc?" she asked with animation. "Yes," replied the widow, with a shudder. "Wasn't that terrible! But oh, how charmingly romantic it must have been!"—*Puck*.

He was only a stray waif of a yellow dog with no ancestry to boast of, but as he sat upon the wooden seat in one of our city parks with a little child's tiny arm lovingly twined about his ugly thick neck, and a sweet, cooing voice saying in his ear, "I love you, little doggie," he was as proud as any prize setter in the land. "Is that your dog, little boy?" asked a policeman, as he passed the happy couple. "No, he doesn't belong to me, only I'm acquainted with him," answered the affectionate friend of the little tramp dog.—*Boston Home Journal*.

Maud and her George were in the parlor, and Maud's father—who, by the way, is down on the mugwumps—was laying down his political tenets to Maud's George:

"I tell you," he exclaimed, "the Democratic and Republican parties embody all there is of wisdom in party management. We don't want any third party here."

"That is it, precisely, papa," replied Maud; "a third party is a nuisance anywhere."

Maud's father counted noses, concluded he was the mugwump, and withdrew from the field.—*Binghamton Republican*.

STARVING A COLD.—Here is the latest remedy for a cold. It may be good; it may be useless; but, at all events, here it is: Eat no supper. On going to bed and on rising drink a tumbler of cold water. For breakfast eat a piece of dry bread as large as your hand. Go out freely during the morning. For dinner eat the same as at breakfast. During the afternoon take a sharp walk, or engage in some active exercise that will induce perspiration. Go without supper and retire early. The next morning, if the prescription works, you will be nearly well of the cold, but almost dead of starvation.

Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Mother—"Mercy, children, what are you making such a noise for?" Children's chorus—"Why, to keep the baby quiet, mamma."—*Evansville Argus*.

A little girl attending church last Sunday with her mother was given the chance to put in the collection box. After it had been passed around, the little girl looked up and said. "Ma, I paid for four, was that right?"—*Evansville Argus*.

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